

Robert Mitchum, Uncensored; Bob Greene on the Tylenol Case  
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# Esquire

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Man At His Best

## When Men Think Big

by John Tierney



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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE FUTURE FACT AND FANCY

WITH ALL the talk of drug smuggling, crime rife, and street crime in Miami, it may come as some surprise to you that we have picked it as our prototype of the city of the future. But consider these facts: Miami has existed for only eighty-seven years, yet in this time it has grown from a swampy, salt-marshland into one of the country's largest international population and business centers. It received the first wave of immigrants from Latin America seventy-three years ago and so far is the only American city to absorb successfully into its culture and economy the ongoing influx of Hispanics. Miami started out as a place where tourists, retirees, and others used to find warmth



Measuring Miami's growth for tomorrow

and happiness, they were greeted by Miami's ready to sell all this and more to them, making the city one of the first in America to base itself on a service-sector economy. So rich in contrasts and paradoxes is Miami that we felt compelled to send someone there to investigate first-hand. You'll find T. D. Allman's report, "The City of the Future," on page 39.

OUR COVER story this month is "When Men Think Big" (page 50), an Esquire Eye written by someone (John Tierney, with illustrations by John Allen). Tierney has composed a group portrait of men (and their projects) who are going against the grain of their time. While everyone else asks, Can it be made complete?, the maverickpreneur wonders, How large can we build it? When he attended a talk about a transcontinental subway, Tierney learned that there was a small group of big-thinking maverickpreneurs spread around the country, and he was captivated by their radical imaginations: "It couldn't help but advise them for persevering in the face of so much opposition," he says, indeed, why not, might consider their plans for a town that rust in a vacuum tube from New York to Los Angeles in twenty-one minutes or a ride-high skyscraper to be antisocial, there is something inspiring in these men and their designs.

ROBERT MITCHELL has always been something of an anomaly in Hollywood. He's not particularly glamorous, nor is he very handsome, yet he has endured longer than many of his colleagues and has left his indelible mark on such pictures as *Blues in the Face*, *Kevin's Diner*, and *The Night of the Hunter*. Despite his success, Mitchell seems to carry a chip on his shoulder when dealing with the press. So tactless, however, he'll agree to confront the opposition—though the real Mitchell seldom stands up, and when he does, most of us probably don't recognize him. When reporter Barry Feldberg went to Mitchell's home in Santa Barbara to do a short interview with the actor for another magazine, he came back so amazed by Mitchell's autographisms that he prepared a full-length piece to Esquire. In "Robert Mitchell Goes a Rare Interview" (page 58), Mitchell reveals himself to be a maverick icon, confrontational and in grating by turns, and often, it seems, deliciously provocative. This month's *Quinta* is a fascinating revelation of a man who can't stop acting.

AS STEPHEN BELLO aptly demonstrated in this month's *Profil*, "How Can You Sleep at Night?" (page 64), criminal lawyer Alan Dershowitz seems to be forever fielding questions from everyone around him.

Much of the fuss was stirred up by his book *The Best Defense*, in which Dershowitz claimed that judges sometimes arrive at conclusions that violate the public but violate the rights of the accused. One thing his colleagues and the public were short on where the heart of this Cambridge attorney lies. Bello's search for it begins in Cambridge, where Dershowitz played the Jewish street-and-quester of Harvard's studious school, and continues in his examination of Dershowitz's defense of such controversial figures as Jack Henry Abbott and Chris van Dusen.

OUR SHORT story this month, "Dead Reckoning" (page 120), was written by Alan Schoonover, a recent graduate of the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. The story, about a young woman whose dreamy ways are straightened by the rigors of an ocean sailing adventure, is one of self-evolution. "That's one beautiful," says the author, "but there's nothing good about living on them. It's cramped, it's wet, and you're stuck out there. It takes tough people."

THIS MONTH we introduce to the magazine a new section, *The Esquire Review*. The Review will go beyond the standard critical-reporting on the arts to explain how what we see, hear, and read came to be. Each month there will be features about movies, music, video, and books (the last will begin in March). To place these stories in a broader context, had the features will be about the business of entertainment; the rest will be profiles. Our book review will consider fiction/nonfiction books as well as fiction. The video column will critique this medium as it evolves in movies, clubs, and restaurants and on TV, and our recent essay will fill you in on what's new in the various categories of music. The Esquire Review will be edited by John Burt, with the assistance of Louis Burt and Mary Telt. Our first Review begins on page 90.

We hope you enjoy thousands of Esquire—  
—Philip Moffitt

# LETTERS

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### LOVING FATHERS

MY CONGRATULATIONS to Anthony Brandt, who has described perfectly the true emotion a man experiences with his children when his marriage fails ("Father Love," November).

As for myself, I have already put away copies for each of my children. Perhaps someday through the words of Mr. Brandt they will understand emotions they did could never fully comprehend as children. *Charles A. Coleman, Columbus, Ohio*

ANTHONY BRANDT'S November article touched me deeply, as I'm sure it did many other fathers. I am the father of a six-year-old girl and a five-year-old boy and have been divorced for over six months. The pain, longing, and anguish have not yet diminished. I am not allowed to say I've cried many times over my children, not as I allowed to say I cried after reading "Father Love."

*Ron Morris, Gainesburg, IL*

WORDS, WRITTEN or spoken, rarely do justice to powerful feelings and emotions. But the ones a father has for his children. Somehow Tony Brandt managed to do so in his article "Father Love."

*Kenn B. Lynn, Sacramento, Calif.*

I WOULD like to thank Anthony Brandt for his essay "Father Love." As a recently divorced father of two small children, it was deeply moved by Mr. Brandt's view of a much-neglected subject: a father's role in the loss of constant contact with his children. I had no idea that divorce could bring out such extreme emotions as those I have been feeling about my children.

To keep this essay as a reminder that, someday, when my son and daughter are older, I'll be able to look them in the eye and tell them that I really love them... and they will understand that I mean it.

*Kenn A. Armstrong, Salt Lake City, Utah*

### HEALING THEIR WOUNDS

FM A change came on a twenty-three-bed acute-care psychiatric unit. It's a Saturday night, the floor is quiet, and I've just finished reading "Father Love," by Brandt.

Hellerstein (November). Never have I read with such painful recognition a more accurate testament to psychology's most challenging and gut-wrenching truths.

I hope you continue the elegant tradition of introducing nonprofessional writers in the first-person format. I know I'll continue my subscription.

*Nancy Kneidel, Milwaukee, Wis.*

I AM a licensed clinical psychologist specializing in the treatment of severe mental disorders, borderline and worse.

Dr. Hellerstein has a lot of training to do before he can work with these patients as a mentor that is likely to be helpful. He needs to develop a tolerance for severe pathology, he needs to come to tolerate both the distortion and the devotion encountered as a result of the splitting process, and he needs to learn to work with, accepting and tolerating, yielding rather than reacting not to hostility.

I wish him luck. But it can be done. These efforts are highly reusable and do make sense to speak of care, regardless of what the literature argues. Miss Miller is potentially credible. *Joan Winstone, Ph.D., Los Angeles, Calif.*

### COMING TO TERMS

CONGRATULATIONS for dealing openly with a head-bash subject like viral disease ("Love's Labor's Lost," by Jack McClintock, November). However, I'd like to caution you not to be too casual about the possibility that "herpes is outwardly much an occasional nuisance than a serious disease." We all have a long way to go toward understanding and treating it.

Herpes is a nasty little disease that brings up some of our worst and best feelings. Paradoxically, we rarely have well-see too long to confront and grieve it, probably out of continuing embarrassment—concern about dealing with nature "down there." Mr. McClintock's article is well researched and informative, but it's only the first step.

*Wendy Kutz, Minneapolis, Minn.*

HOW TIMELY that Ragone would run "A First-Person Herpes Story" not long after I received that issue. It's telling the story. I identified with the reader as he described

this reaction to herpes. And I learned some things I had not known, even though I have read much on the subject.

How disappointed I am, however, to read in the final column that the writer does not only have herpes, nearly a few symptoms that had been misdiagnosed. While I certainly am not completing this he doesn't, I think the magazine did a disservice to the millions of persons with the disease by the story's stop-and-go ending. Besides me, there are plenty of persons, even writers, who could have written an actual first-person herpes story.

*Nancy Antfield*

### FOR FIDELITY

HAVING JUST gone through months of discussion with my mate on the merits and drawbacks of fidelity (see events, bedchamber), and having only just recently received this issue, I was exceptionally pleased to read Laurence Shames's article "Wolves Mate for Life" (Ethics, November).

In a time when most people would rather tell lies to a relationship with partners than work through them, it's encouraging to think that such a basic agreement to success at it our fingertips. I applied Mr. Shames's insight and honesty.

*Joey Longino, San Francisco, Calif.*

ONCE said that when wolves surrender in battle, they bite their bellies, the most vulnerable part of their bodies. In the victory in a critical acknowledgment of defeat, Larry Shames's article "Wolves Mate for Life" gives one pause as to which is really the superior species. Horses for those all-magnificent creatures and for a modern-day magazine fierce enough to give space to something as uncomfortable as sexual fidelity.

*Walter Lucas, New Arlington, N.J.*

KILLER'S Note: In the "Ethics" section of the December issue, two phone numbers and a location were listed incorrectly. The correct area code for the B.S. Bar and for Cafe Pacific in Dallas is 214 and the Garage House is located in Fort Worth.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Editors, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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BY LAURENCE SHAMES

## THE END OF THE AFFAIR

A radical proposal: We can help each other get over each other

"SHE'S KILL herself," said my friend Tony, slumping down into a gaily striped sofa in the living room sofa.

"Don't fright yourself," I told him.

He gave me a wounded look. "You don't understand the way she feels about me."

"Probably not," I said.

"But I do understand a little about how you feel about you. You think you're a whole knight, a hero. You think this post, and women's never had it so good as in these few months with you, so of course she'll be totally devastated now that you're breaking it off."

"I'm really cut that concerned," he protested.

"It doesn't have to do with concern," I said. "It has to do with this obscure history of yours, this obsession of taking on responsibility for making women happy."

"What's wrong with making women happy?" said Tony.

"Nothing," I said. "If you're prepared to do it for ever. Except I don't think it works that way, to begin with. We don't make people happy, you let them be happy. Believe you're making them happy and you're also got to believe that you're making them miserable."

"But I am making her miserable," he protested. "I told her I wanted out, at which point she near-died. I don't think it was a coincidence."

"But you're allowed to treat out. When you're allowed when you told her?"

"Of course not."

"And you been striking her along?"

"Lying to her?"

"No. Listen, I know what you're getting at. I shouldn't feel guilty because I haven't done anything wrong. I know that. But I feel guilty anyway. It's built into the language."

"Built into the language?"

"Someone's been hurt," he said. "And if someone's been hurt, then someone or something has been doing the hurting. By process of elimination that someone is me."



**BREAKING UP** An Neil Sedaka said, it's hard to do it—Guilt, rejection, ambivalence, fear of change—some of the most devastating emotions are called up when a relationship is being ended. The specific form of misery may vary according to whether you're doing the breaking up or having the breaking to do for you, but either way, you suffer. Few of us are so callous that we don't feel remorse when we're helped out the door, few of us are so unshakably secure that when the other person is walking out we aren't left with painful doubts about what we're really worth. At some point, the question of who left whom seems not to matter very much, and the only thing that remains is the mutual but unshared feeling of loss.

It would be nice, then, if relationships didn't have to end, if people didn't have to go through all the fuss and bother of splitting up—but as someone once observed, "A person may die of too much endurance as well as of too little," hanging in there is

not necessarily a virtue, and depending on the emotional cost of hanging in there, it may not even be wise. Breaking up, difficult as it is, is nevertheless the kinder and more courageous course.

But, like everything else, a breakup may be headed off or handled badly—and the manner of the handling may much about a person's character. When a relationship has been centered by marriage vows, the stakes are even higher. Expectations of permanence are exploded, the involvement of money and property into the stage for acts of self-defense and vindictiveness, disappointment, jealousy, and lawyers can combine to create a series of ugly behaviors. Being able to deal with all those things and still maintain one's dignity, compassion, and sense of fair play constitutes a moral victory of no mean stature.

The evidence for how difficult that victory is, is in the number of lawsuits that are handled miserably. Faced with the pressure of getting out from under a relationship, people can turn mean and malicious. And when unworkable lovers as spouses don't have the best intentions, their parting shots can be devastating, infamy comes, among other things, the brutal history of one's own self-plots, and people who've been inside know just where to stick the knife.

Is there anyone who doesn't have a breakup horror story or two? I have one that unfolded one for years, though at this point it strikes me as refreshingly absurd. At the time and of a temperamental relationship, I was walked out on by a certain woman. Among the marriage details that this woman had learned about me was the fact that I happen to be superstitious about the desk and typewriter. I said, I firmly believe that these things are animate and play an active role of subtle aid in my work. So what does that mean? She sits down at the desk and taps out a furious Dear John letter on my typewriter. The letter itself was pure shit, but the subtext was even

ouder: she was trying to destroy me by putting a curse on my Smith Corona. When I got the letter, I cracked her down by telephone and told her emphatically what a little dose I thought it was. Then I went out. When I came back, the desk was gone. She'd come in with a couple of friends and carried it off.

I guess it was just her way of saying thanks for the statistics.

"MY WAY," says my buddy Scott. "In to take the 'enough rope' approach. When a girlfriend or mate does something that makes me angry, I smile. I smile, and she lets me. When I have enough strokes the fire, I smile. But I episode loudly. I explain everything she's done to make me want to leave up to her. The explanation doesn't seem to be much of a comfort, which always surprises me."

"The way I do it," offers my pal Henry, "is that I don't do it. When I want out, I just go so early, unannounced, and unannounced that finally the women tell me to get out. They'll make a point of taking it like a rout."

"I just leave," says my friend Billy. "A little voice tells me it's time to split, and I do. The closest I ever come to explaining is to tell back to one of those same clichés about what I need in my life right now. My own loved said his chapter titles from a third-rate self-help book."

Clearly, there are any number of bad

ways to end a relationship or a marriage. The question is whether there's such a thing as a good way. The sad truth is that if by good we mean painless—or even as painless as—there's almost certainly not. We're all more money in which the hero and the heroine decide at the exact same moment that they should part, they share a final kiss, shed a single backward glance, and go off separately in search of their destinies. Guess a breakup.

So, to most people don't get all with a single thing in mind. Split, there is much a thing as a "good" breakup, as long as we take our definition of good to conform to the realistically harsh life experience. A good breakup, in other words, is one that leaves you feeling that you didn't work out, rather than feeling sorry that you got involved in the first place. A good breakup is one in which the role of might gained to pass (and/or not) doesn't leave you feeling like you've been lied to. A good breakup is one that lets you believe that you'll do better next time, that you're at the very least a step closer to knowing what you want.

The French, with their penchant for lyrical sentiment when matters of the heart are concerned, refer to lovers' arguments as *accus de coeur*. As metaphors go, that's not bad. Like morality itself, good-byes are an unavoidable evil—but a great evil without which the existence of life would

be diminished. Yet the fact of death, like the fact of a love affair ending, is in itself simple and morally neutral. What matters is the how of it. A death entered into with dignity and serenity does not become less so, but the how of it is tempered by the structure of how they and right behavior.

There's one more wrinkle to our metaphor, which, to my mind, is its most important aspect. All lives end, that does not mean that all lives have been balanced. Why, then, do we tend to believe that a love affair even a marriage that doesn't last forever has been a life? It occurs to me that much of the supreme art perhaps that characterizes a bad breakup is a response to the frustration of having failed. But it doesn't have to be seen that way. A relationship can succeed for a while, it can make sense, it can be good, then drop its leaves and die. It's sad, yes, but it's not necessarily a cause for remorse, blame, or misanthropy. The only death that is the end of an affair is not a failure but a passage—a difficult passage that, entered into with tenderness and compassion, can prepare you for something better.

LAURENCE SHAMES is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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BY BOB GREENE

# BAIT

Seven people were dead; the FBI paid a visit

WE WERE driving along the Northwest Tollway, just outside the Chicago city limits. Darkness had replaced daylight.

"All these people worrying about Tylenol," said Tony De Lorenzo. He was driving. "It doesn't have to be Tylenol next time. Whoever a suspect could put the poison anywhere. He could meet it into a pickle."

De Lorenzo was an FBI agent. We had just met.

EARLIER IN the day I had received a call at home from Jim Squares, the editor of the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune is where I work. Squares said he had something important we had to discuss, and he asked me to come in right away.

When I got to his office, he said he had had two intriguing visitors. One was Edward Hickey, the head of the FBI's Chicago office. The other was Richard Brannock, the superintendent of the Chicago police department. They had arrived together.

Hickey and Brannock had an unusual request: The search for the Tylenol killer was getting nowhere. Seven people were dead. The Chicago area was at a panic. The rest of the nation was also frightened. The FBI had sent one of its top criminal behavior analysts from Quantico, Virginia. He was convinced that if the killer was made to feel some sort of human identification with his victims, the killer might surface.

Hickey and Brannock wondered if I would be willing to write a column that might elicit that response. They realized they were treading on uncertain ground; they made it clear to Squares that they were not attempting to dictate what I would write, or even suggest what from the column might take. But they thought we should know what their man from Quantico was saying.

Squares and I sat and talked about it. We are both part of the reporting generation that was taught to get quantity in the idea of



WELCOME

journalists working hand in hand with law enforcement agencies. We both remembered stories of police units trying to infiltrate urban groups during Vietnam days. This, though.

"God, to let for that guy to be caught," Squares said.

"I know," I said.

We agreed that I should at least talk to the agent from Quantico. Then I would decide what to do.

TONY DE LORENZO pulled into the parking lot of the Mount Prospect Holiday Inn. John Douglas, the FBI criminal analyst from Quantico, was registered in room 212.

We took the elevator upstairs. John Douglas was a dark-haired FBI man in a suit and tie. He had taken off his jacket. He motioned us into the room. There were a few uncomfortable moments of silence, and then he began.

"We've got an attorney general on the

who's going on television every night calling this guy a 'murderer.' Douglas said "That may be true, but calling him that isn't helping anybody."

He said that his specialty was studying the criminal personalities of multiple murderers. He said that it was closer to an exact science than many people might believe; men who killed more than one person had certain things in common, and one of those things was that they became extremely curious about their victims once they were made to think of the victims as human beings.

"I tell you, with the Tylenol murders, the victims to be only numbers, then he'll never show himself," Douglas said. "But if he starts thinking of them as people, then we've got a chance."

He explained that he followed a New York Times columnist in his hometown paper, the Frederickicksburg Virginian, Peter Lance. Stan said he felt uneasy proposing

that I help him, but had I considered writing anything about the Tylenol case?

I told him that there was one story I thought was potentially a great one. A twenty-year-old girl named Mary Hebranson had been the youngest victim of the Tylenol killer; she had had a cold, and she had taken a Tylenol capsule from a bottle her mother had bought at the grocery store the night before, and she had collapsed in her bathroom and died. The fatherless family had talked to no reporters, so I was not aware of what they were going through.

"That's a story I would want to write even if I had never heard of you," I said to Douglas. "I'll like to talk to her parents."

He said he thought it could be arranged. "They have refused to talk to anybody," I said.

"If you know how much they want the person who killed their daughter to be caught..." Tony De Lorenzo said.

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## Businessman's Shirt ("Easy-Care" Oxford Cloth)

Attractive and comfortable for business and casual wear. High quality, durable press reverse blend of 69% cotton/31% polyester. Long sleeves, button down collar, placket front and long buttoned cuffs. Single needle tailoring with double needle tailored side seams. Deep breast pocket with button flap. Machine Wash. Repairs Made or No Ironing. Colors: White with Red Stripes, 1697W, \$17.50 pld. White with Brown Stripes, 1696W, \$17.50 pld. White with Blue Stripes, 1695W, \$17.50 pld.

Men's sizes:	neck	36 1/2	38	39 1/2	42 1/2	44	46	48
	sleeve	29 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2

## Patagonia "Baggies"

Colorful versatile shorts for active sports wear. Shell is a tough, quick drying 41% nylon/59% polyester 7/8" cotton with a snug fitting nylon inner liner. Roomy, comfortable fit for jogging, swimming or climbing. Elasticized waist with adjustable drawstring. Two on seam side pockets. Single hip pocket has snap closing flap. Machine Wash. Colors: Bright Yellow, Navy Green, Red, Royal Blue, Sizes: XS-M (26-30), Sm (30-32), Med (32-34), Lg (34-36), Xlg (36-38), 1833W, \$19.75 pld.



## "Double L"® Shirt

A favorite for tennis, boating and active sports wear. The 100% cotton knit fabric is soft absorbent and particularly comfortable next to the skin. Fully cut with extra long tails. Rib-knit collar, button placket at neck and small sleeves with reinforced cuffs. Machine Wash and Dry. Colors: White, Forest Green, Red, Extra Canary Yellow, Royal Blue, Kelly Navy. Sizes: Sm (34-36), Med (38-40), Lg (42-44), Xlg (46-48), 1734W, \$13.75 pld.



## Chino Pants

You'll get more wearing pleasure from these pants than from any others you own. Made of high grade durable cotton/polyester twill. Fully cut with two front and two rear pockets. 1/2" bow, 3/4" belt loops. "Easy care" workband can be let out about 1 1/2". Washable. Permanent crease, minimal shrinkage. Heat locking for sports or work. Waist sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Colors: Tan, 1822W, \$15.25 pld. Navy 1735W, \$15.25 pld.



## Blucher Mocs

Tough, low-wearing and perfectly comfortable. True moccasin construction with hand sewed toe piece and blucher style lacing for straight. Off formed leather uppers. Rubber sole with molded arch support for walking comfort. Colors: Brown with Brown Soles, White and tan Soles. Sizes: 6 to 13 (see size 12 1/2) Medium and Wide 3421W, \$29.75 pld.



L.L.Bean, Inc., 1401 Block St., Freeport, ME 04033



**IF YOU ARE THE TYLEROID KILLER, COME TO A SMALL HOUSE  
ON A QUIET, WINDING STREET IN ELK GROVE VILLAGE. THE PEOPLE  
WHO LIVE THERE FEEL YOU HAVE ALREADY BEEN INSIDE, ANYWAY...**

We talked for about an hour. Douglas said he knew it was a long shot, but if I decided to write about Mary Kellerman, the FBI would place the Kellermans' house under surveillance, and would place Mary Kellerman's grave, as a nearby cemetery, under twenty-four-hour surveillance, too.

"Stranger things have happened," Douglas said. "You'd be surprised how many times these guys go to look at the grave, or to look at the house."

**TONY DE LORENZO** picked me up at home the next morning. We drove out to the Century Square shopping center in Mount Pleasant, then we went east by wester FBI agent, LeRoy Hirschbach, who had been in contact with the Kellerman family. Hirschbach was to take me to the house. De Lorenzo would wait for me at the shopping center lot.

The Kellermans' house was about a fifteen-minute drive away. Dennis Kellerman answered our ring. His wife, Jennie, was waiting in the living room.

I invited Hirschbach to listen in on the interview. Normally, I like to do them alone. But I wasn't feeling myself; the Kellermans had allowed me in here because the FBI had said there a night before to find their daughter's killer. I thought they would be more comfortable with the agent at night.

It was about as difficult as these kinds of conversations get. Mrs. Kellerman kept an up-to-date, she kept blaming herself for purchasing the bottle of Tylenol. She said she had reached for a smaller bottle in the grocery store, but then she had thought she might need a Tylenol even after Mary's cold one bottle, she selected the larger bottle. The bottle with the crystals in it.

Dennis Kellerman's voice faltered as he recalled the morning Mary died.

"I heard her go into the bathroom. I heard the door close. Then I heard something drop. I went to the bathroom door. I called, Mary, are you okay? There was no answer. So I opened the bathroom door and my little girl was on the floor unconscious. She was still in her pajamas."

Mrs. Kellerman told me that Mary had been their only child, she was the only one to have any more children. Mary had been born six months premature, as she entered the world she did not cry, and Mrs. Kellerman had been afraid. But the doctor had smiled and had said, "It's all right, she's a only sleeping." And she had been born when she had always been a quiet child.

I finished with the interview in about an

hour. I thanked the Kellermans. I told Dennis Kellerman that I was curious about one thing.

"I think if that had happened to me, I wouldn't want to help with the investigation at all," I said. "I think I would just want everyone to go away and leave the alone. I wouldn't care if the guy was ever caught. I would just want to take and be by myself."

"No," he said. "It's not like that. I can't even tell you. I can't even tell you what I would give for that guy to walk in on my front door right now. Because once he walks in that door, he's mine."

**LEROY HIRSCHBACH** and I walked out to his car. He unlocked the door on the passenger side for me. Then he walked back into the house.

I sat two talking with Dennis and Jennie Kellerman. They were listening intently. When he returned to the car I asked him what that had been all about.

"When I was listening to you doing your interview, I kept thinking that they're going to crack up if they just stay in the house looking at each other," he said. "So what did you do?" I said.

"I told them about groups that help out the parents of young children who have died," he said. "I told them if they contacted any church, they would probably be put in touch with one of the groups."

"But I saw you give them a piece of paper," I said.

Hirschbach hesitated for a second.

"I gave them my number," he said. "I told them that if they couldn't find a group to help them, then I'd find one for them. We rode toward the shopping center. I had to make them understand that I wasn't trying to help them in an FBI agent," he said. "They had to understand that it wasn't part of my official duties. It's just that... I don't know. Sometimes if you let your business define everything you do, you end up not doing the things you ought to do as a person."

**WHEEN** I got to the paper, the column came quickly. It began:

If you see the Tylenol killer, some others may murder to you. Or a day make no difference at all.

If you see the Tylenol killer, your whole murder machine may have started beautiful in the first moments of its existence. You destroyed the murders, and the people died, and you just lost it hours of your nation. If you see the killer, the success of your mission may be swinging you.

If you see the Tylenol killer, though, you may be having part the region's history

about the people on the other end of your plan, the people who were unfortunate enough to purchase the bottles you had touched.

If you encounter, come to me and leave on a quest, writing, street in Elk Grove Village. Come to 1425 Armstrong Lane. The people who live there, Dennis and Jennie Kellerman, but you have already been inside, anyway...

Every copy editor who handled the column questioned me about whether I really wanted to include the address. They pointed out that printing the address would make it simple for anyone to find the house.

I couldn't tell them that that was precisely the point. I simply asked them to leave it in.

**THE COLUMN** ran and was widely reprinted around the nation. Squares and I did not discuss with anyone the details of how I had come to be written, we decided that if the word got out about the FBI's interest in the story, then whatever we were trying to help accomplish would be undermined.

I have my own questions about the propriety of all this. As journalists, we are supposed to be independent agents. If this episode were to appear in an ethics of journalism textbook, I do not know how I might react to it. It is one thing to say that a reporter should never cooperate with a law enforcement agency; it is quite another, when some people have been poisoned to destroy the area where you live, to say that yes, you will not help.

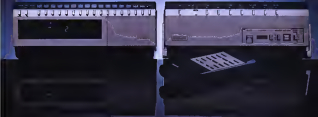
As I write this, the Kellermans' house is under FBI surveillance, as is Mary's grave at the cemetery. The killer has not shown himself. With each passing day it seems that he will not. It is for them certain whether the Tylenol killer will be apprehended. If he is, there is no guarantee that the news will have anything to do with what you have read here.

Because at the time between the Eugene decision and the publication of the magazine, this story will not appear until the February issue. If, then the case may be resolved. If it isn't, at least enough months will have passed that I will be sure the original newspaper column will have outlived its usefulness in luring the killer. And I don't want to keep this whole thing to myself any longer.

You get up every morning and you go to work and you try to do your job. Sometimes you wonder if you're doing right. In the end, as always, left us here. You get worriedly awake and you hope they reach successfully.

**DAVID GREENE** is a contributing editor of *Eugene magazine*.

## TWO FOR THE SHOW.



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Convertible SelectaVision. It's one video recorder that gives you two for the show. And it's opening eyes at your RCA dealer's now.

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# Those who make it, make it without compromise.

Too many people these days start out on the road to success. Only to opt for the road of least resistance.

On the other hand, for those who are determined to pursue their ideals, the road is hard. But the rewards are rich.

Which brings us, rather appropriately, to the subject at hand: the New Balance 990.

A running shoe that was more than three years in the making. That came about through significant involvement with runners. That represents the top technological achievement of a company noted for its command of running shoe technology.

## NO SHORTCUTS.

Flexibility and support—they're the two distinctive features every serious running shoe manufacturer seeks to build into running shoes.

The problem is, one is usually achieved at the expense of the other. A shoe with superior support features is too hard and stiff. Or, conversely, a highly flexible shoe is too "givey."

But the New Balance 990 gives you the best of both worlds. It's a shoe that can be worn for years.

It's in critical support areas.

The New Balance 990 goes farther than any running shoe ever has toward the ideal.

Maximum flexibility without the slightest sacrifice of support.

## THE UPPERMOST IN FLEXIBILITY.

Of all forms of footwear, slippers are undoubtedly the most comfortable.

What does this fact have to do with the 990?

Well, you see, the upper portion of the 990 is constructed just like a slipper.

This construction technique ("slip-lasting") requires more technical skill than other techniques, and takes more time.

But the results are worth it: A shoe that fits better, feels better and gives you more overall motion variability.

## A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN STABILITY.

Slip-lasting has one weakness: it's unstable on the heel area.

To compensate, our R&D people created a unique new stabilization device made of polyurethane—chosen for its strong, but supple, nature.

This patented Motion Control Device makes the heel far more secure. Without upshifting a runner's natural running style.

## WIDTH SIZING: A NEW BALANCE EXCLUSIVE.

When you're paying this much for a running shoe (\$180, suggested retail price), you have every right to expect it to fit properly.

The 990 doesn't disappoint.

Because like every New Balance running shoe, it's available in a variety of widths, for a more perfect fit.

As it happens, New Balance is the only running shoe company that makes its shoes in a variety of widths.

But that shouldn't surprise you. After all, isn't the 990 proof that we'll go to any lengths to make it right? New Balance Athletic Shoe, Inc., Boston, MA 02131.

**new balance** **B**  
**990**



Our patented Motion Control Device is made of polyurethane.



Slip-lasting makes it more comfortable and flexible. It's a shoe that can be worn for years.



## SPORTS MARGIN

BY DAVID OWEN

# ASMOGASBORD OF SPORTS

With all the new games around, there's bound to be something you're good at

ALL OF us could be athletic superstars if only someone would invent sports suited to our particular abilities. Skills we may not be aware we have. Until last summer, for example, I had no idea I was the second-best neighborhood golfer in the world. Neighborhood golf is a game invented by my youngest brother, the world champion. It's superficially similar to regular golf, except that you play in a suburban neighborhood with women and tennis balls and you don't replace divots if you take them in the yard of someone you don't know. Although I'm terrible at regular golf, I'm not too bad at my brother's game. If *Wide World of Sports* should suddenly take an interest, I wouldn't be ashamed to play it on national TV.

Like a lot of people who aren't much good at traditional sports, I've come to pin my athletic aspirations on the invention of new games. Naturally I wish this weren't the case. To be nothing better than to patch a new hole in the world series. But I'm realistic: there is precious little demand in the major leagues for wildly innovative ball-paddlers. Short of moving to a country where athletes' achievement isn't rewarded (like Lakeland, where 1980 Olympic team included a woman skier who warmed the hearts of incompetent athletes everywhere by snowplowing down the slopes), career is the only way to make a living. I wish more hard and wide for a someone to dream up a game for windward, slow-moving fans.

Fortunately, new sports do turn up from time to time. Take *Kadens*, for example. This is an interesting and popular outdoor game in which two or more players use wooden paddles to hit a rubber ball back and forth while everybody else at the picnic struggles to get the charcoal bit. I saw *Kadens* demonstrated last summer in what must surely be its definitive version: a middle-aged father and his teenage daughter were playing it on a beach, and both of them were stuck-stared. Another good



beach game is *dog Frisbee*: you throw a Frisbee to your dog, and your dog if he's good catches it in his mouth. Paradox may object that there is nothing particularly athletic about throwing a Frisbee to a dog, but masters of *Stupid Dumb and Crazy* surely find something in it. "There's an incredible similarity in your New 2-in-one," one reader wrote to the magazine in 1984, "between the fluid grace of a mouse of *Gring Nettle* soaring through the air to smooch a line drive and that of the Jack Russell terrier leaping in a Frisbee."

Of course, there's more to taking up a new sport than simply naming out to your favorite store and changing a few thousand dollars' worth of equipment. Before making yourself for pro-football arm wrestling, for example, you should know that the game is open only to professional football players. Similarly, the annual *Boddy Jones Open* golf tournament is closed to anyone who isn't named *Boddy Jones*.

But these merit the only new games

around. The range of interest in physical fitness, the ready availability of sports magazines, and even the boom in cable television, whose sports channels need programs to fill their schedules, have all combined to create something of a revolution in the sports world. There are several promising new games. With a little patience and ingenuity, and some basic information, all of us should be able to find happiness outside the National League.

THE FIRST requirement for any new sport is that it look at least as different as it really is. There's no point in playing a game that looks easy but isn't. Anyone watching will assume he could do better.

Which is what *grains* wind surfing (also known as board sailing or free sailing) is about new sport. It's actually an old new sport, with a reputation for difficulty so persistent that *BK Leisure Products*, one of several sailboard manufacturers, once ran an ad saying, "It's the fastest growing sport in the world. How fast can it be?" Wind surfing actually isn't impossible, as some have claimed. But no one is able to bring other people than it is.

A sailboard (which ranges from about seven hundred dollars to more than two thousand dollars) looks like a surfboard with a sail mounted in the middle of it, and that's exactly what it is: a surfboard with no place to sit down. Wind surfers pilot their crafts by shifting their weight and manipulating an elliptic boom that rises all the way around the keel. A sailboard responds to the wind the same way a sailboat would, which means that you need a basic knowledge of sailing to operate it. Wind surfing instructions can be found near almost any substantial body of water, but the best place to learn is on a shallow lake with a light but steady breeze. Choppy water and gusty winds are the bane of novice wind surfers, and experts say the sport is virtually impossible to learn unless

**S****NOW BOARDING IS EASIER TO LEARN THAN WIND SURFING.**  
**ITS INVENTOR CLAIMS THAT TEN-YEAR-OLDS CAN MASTER THE SPORT, A FACT**  
**THAT MAY NOT REASSURE ANYONE WHO HAS EVER SEEN TEN-YEAR-OLDS SKI.**

conditions are right. Getting the hang of it typically requires several hours of instruction, hours that could be well be spent over a few days.

Once the basics have been mastered, however, wind surfing offers immense versatility. A sailboard is easier to rig and launch than a sailboat, which means that wind surfers spend less time cursing on the beach. Wind surfing is also an improvement over regular surfing because you don't waste hours waiting for waves.

But it's water now and in most places you're going to have to wait a few minutes to leave and return. In the meantime, you can do what Californians do when it's too cold to go in the water: head for the hills to go snowboarding, which, according to Steve Cathey, is "basically kind of surfing on the snow." Cathey is the inventor of the Slusher SSC, a lightweight laminated board made for snowing down ski slopes at up to seventy-five miles per hour.

Cathey's invention is a cross between a snowboard, a water ski, a snow ski, and a skateboard. It's about five feet long and one foot wide, and it has a stainless steel tip on either side to enhance stability. Its suggested retail price is \$499.95, for an extra \$14.99 you can buy a four-foot carbon "buckley board," which you'll need if you want to take your snowboard to the snow. And for thirty dollars more you can buy a pair of sixteen-inch struts on plastic side to help you get on and off your lats with the snow board in your arms.

Snow boarding is easier to learn than wind surfing. Cathey claims that ten-year-olds can master the sport, a fact that may not reassure anyone who has ever seen ten-year-olds ski. The proper stance for snow boarding is the familiar sideways crouch that surfers use, and skilled snow boarders can perform just about any trick that surfers can. Snow boards can also be used on wet sand. For more information you can write Slusher SSC, 6680 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla, California 92033.

Snow boarding is good as far as it goes, but there are more who would not recognize it as a sport because you can't get other people in the hospital by doing it. To be fully satisfying, they reason, a new sport must involve plenty of physical contact. For them there is a sport that more than fills this requirement. It's called *Aggression football*.

The first thing you should know about this game, which is called *body* in its native land, is that it's played on a huge oval field with eight-inch-wide, twelve-inch-girth goalposts and an official, who wears a long coat and white gloves. Its most celebrated play is the "bag man," wherein

one player, wearing cleats, climbs up the back of another in order to catch a kicked ball. The game itself consists of various elements of rugby, soccer, football, basketball, handball, and street fighting. The players wear tank tops and belong to teams with names like the *Blatant Bombers* and the *North Melbourne Redskins*.

The sport was invented more than a century ago by early Australian gold miners who were apparently vague about rules. Playing fields have no set dimensions; they can be as hundred feet long, five hundred feet wide, whatever. If the ball, which resembles an overinflated American pigskin, goes out of bounds, anyone returns it to play by throwing it "about" fifty feet into the fray. In the United States, body was unknown until recently, when ESPN, the cable television sports network, began to broadcast matches. Now the game has a large and loyal American following.

Sportsmen who prefer violence of a more intimate nature, however, may want to check out PRA full-contact karate. Also known as *karate* link-busting, this new sport was invented by Don Gane, a former regular on *The Tonight Show*, and his wife, Judy, who was a bridesmaid at Grace Kelly's wedding. The Ganes conceived it over the course of six days in 1971 for ABC's *Wide World of Entertainment*, and they formed the Professional Karate Association (PKA) to oversee it. Today full-contact karate is a programming staple on ESPN and one of a very few male-dominated sports with a large female following.

The Ganes' sport, like many new sports, is a hybrid of two old ones—in this case, boxing and karate. Combatants wear eight- or ten-ounce gloves on their hands and foam-rubber pads on their feet, and they fight with few limbs barred. As a result, PRA bouts look much more like boxing matches than martial arts demonstrations, although fighters are required to throw at least eight "legitimate head kicks" per round. The main audience pleasure is a punch called the *springing back fist*, in which a fighter twirls like a discus thrower and smacks his opponent's head with the back of his hand.

Nine years ago you might have become the twenty-sixth-best full-contact-karate fighter in the world simply by taking up the sport, but today you'd have to me with a couple thousand others for that distinction. PRA-approved instruction is available at karate schools all over the country. In order to be ranked worldwide or to compete in a professional bout, you'd also need a black belt in karate, so get to work. And if even full-contact karate doesn't satisfy your martial itch, don't's always

Indonesian knife fighting. Infamously have been fighting with knives for hundreds of years, but until very recently there was little or no instruction available in the United States. Now the sport is catching on, and students say it's both easier to learn and more graceful to watch than karate.

The same instrument used in penak silat, an Indonesian fighting art is known, in the mace, a subterranean-looking weapon that is made only in northern Sumatra. A proper mace has an L-shaped handle that can, if necessary, be reversed (the term *Serpent Eater*), plus, knife fighting master and president of the Penak Silat of America Organization, demonstrated the preferred technique to one by picking up his knife with his right foot and brandishing it expertly just a few inches in front of my face.

Because mace is almost impossible to get here, John's students use kung-fu sticks instead, and they are never taught to wield them with their toes (that's for girls only). But the students do learn how to zone with a ballistic fluidity, as well as how to defend themselves against attackers. One of John's students dished a slasher after only two months of instruction, and John himself once broke away from three thugs who, holding knives to his throat and wrists, had pinned him against a car. Knife-fighting is such a useful skill, in fact, that New York City policemen now come to John for instruction. For more information about penak silat you can write to John at 12 West Seventeenth Street, New York, New York 10011.

If *THE* sports described above seem daunting, you might, as a last resort, consult *The New Games Book* and its sequel, *More New Games*, both published in 1981 by Doubleday-Garden. The books are products of the New Games Foundation, a San Francisco group with deep roots at the Woodstock generation. The foundation has an extensive list of games that can be turned into non-violent sports, such as a version of volleyball in which players rotate from one team to the other, making teams destructive competitors, but both volumes contain some interesting ideas. *The New Games Book*, for instance, teaches you how to play catch with a schmetter, which is a long sock with a softball knotted in the toe. This try is an unimpressive as its name, but it's almost as much fun to play with as a Frisbee. And if you feel centrifugally wicked, you can even learn a way to jump higher.

DAVID OWEN'S last sports piece "The Making of a Champion" appeared in the June 1982 issue.

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# Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

## SMART MONEY Old Timers



ILLUSTRATION: ANDREW BEEZ

**I**f the time of day, pure and simple, is your game, you can go to any drugstore and buy a watch for under twenty dollars that will keep perfect time—for a while, at least. It will likely be a wrist-watch in a fancy gold-filled case. Inside you'll find (though there's really no reason to look) a relatively simple movement, built around a quartz chip and a tiny motor, the whole thing powered by a minute battery.

That's unfortunate: portable timekeeping. If, on the other hand, you want more from a timepiece, you can stop in at a jewelry or antique shop that keeps, as many of them do, a few nineteenth-century mechanical timepieces to sell, spring-driven watches. You'll pay anywhere from one hundred to one thousand dollars for an elegant old Patek Philippe pocket watch (not to be confused with the elegant old Patek Philippe watch).

It will have a solid gold case, sometimes with a

case that snaps open to show the face when you touch a spring in the stem. If properly worn, kept perfect time, but it has been well maintained, as such watches should be, it will give you no more than a few minutes a week.

### BEYOND TIMEKEEPING

A few pocket watches (and there are fine, although not the finest) in much more than a filler of time. It is an ornament, an enhancer of your daily life. You'll need a chain or a link to attach it to, which, depending upon material and quality, can set you back another hundred dollars or so. You then are equipped to flourish a watch. To many, this is an empty and meaningless discussion. As an over-the-hill pocket-watch wearer, I assure you it is not.

I wear my late father's Patek Philippe pocket watch (not to be confused with the elegant old Patek Philippe watch) for people rarely see it or because it was costly (a matter of fact, it wasn't).

wear that watch because it feels good to have a bit of gold-cased mechanical perfection, somewhat bulkier than an old-fashioned silver dollar, tucked away in a pocket and ticking. Sometimes I open the back and my eyes flick back and forth in rhythm with the incredible complexity of a couple of hundred absolutely perfect steel, brass, and jewel parts, dancing a precise and perpetual waltz. Over a lifetime, no Rolex Royal and no Cartier's Lady I have encountered was better made.

Hardly anyone wears a pocket watch anymore. Still, such timepieces have made something of a comeback lately—for one reason, because there are more ways to decorate with pocket watches. I have a chain and many wristwatches, as well as an alternate way of wearing my watch (but it is a good idea not to). As a result to a short gold fob, the watch hangs from my lapel but tumbles into the hard-pressed pocket of a jacket, where it rests behind a silk square. It is comfortable there.

Fewer old pocket watches come on the market, priced up into the thousands of dollars for a premier Patek Philippe. Let's say, Mike, sure what pocket watch you like. A pocket watch movement may establish the price, or you may be paying for a truly magnificent case. I've seen some, most and ornate, mounted with two or three columns of gold, with perhaps a scattering of precious stones, that are both costly and beautiful. One of the most elegant I've ever seen was a cylindrical American Novelda travel watch—a metal tube about three quarters of an inch in diameter and no more than two inches long. With a gentle tug at the ends it slid open, revealing the watch face. The cylinder was embossed with deco.

with alternating bands of yellow and pink gold. The jewels and the band once had a mosaic Mosaic that was decorated with bands of pink and white enamel.

### ANOTHER WAY OF BUYING TIME

Naturally you can buy old wristwatches as well. Wristwatches have been made in significant numbers only since World War I. They came in during the war for a different reason. (Who had time to fiddle in a pocket to know exactly when to go over the top?) The very first wristwatches, made during the 1840s, were actually for women. These were only incidentally worn by jewelry makers built any key-wind movements into elegant and costly bracelets.

Today there is a brisk trade in the men's models. A jeweler in New York who sells a great many says that a good old wristwatch is every bit as reliable as a new one. Besides, older wristwatches are likely to be more elegant and more expensive of no person's taste and personality. They tend to be slightly thicker than ones made today and use other covers, to buy the wrist.

Most of the old wristwatches that you can buy today date from the 1840s to the 1890s. Square and rectangular models began to be made during the 1890s. During the 1890s and 1900s, two-toned colors of white, pink, and yellow gold became popular—even they're called, sort of an art-deco spirit. In the late 1930s and the 1940s, the round face was predominant. A vintage watch—perhaps a Rolex, a Gruen, or a Longines—is a gold case with a plain leather strap or, better, a fine cloth one can be bought for about one hundred dollars. Businessmen and gold-filled models go



# CLASSICS The Loafer



**D**espite the fact that it was adapted from a Norwegian falconer's slipper, the loafer is—in truth as the wordier the cowboy boot—a classic all-American shoe. No question about it. For one thing, the Norwegian shoe was said based on the American Indian moccasin. And for another, once the loafer was introduced in 1905, it quickly became a symbol of the emerging casual American style, for both men and women. Women slipped petticoats into their boots and made loafers a crutch as well as a fashion. And so for men, there was, of course, Gene Kelly.

I am thinking of Gene Kelly strutting happily through that famous sequence in *Singin' in the Rain*, wearing a pair of black loafers (which were an anachronism, as a matter of fact, because the movie was set in the 1930s, before loafers existed). And of Gene Kelly singing "I Got Rhythm" in *An American in Paris*. And of Kelly in *Autumn Amaze*, *Summer Stock*, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, *Cheer Up*, *It's Always Fair Weather*, and *Love Girls*. In what movie did Gene Kelly not wear loafers? He even wore them on Broadway, in *Footloose* in 1960.

Gene Kelly dominated the American dress-down cata-

logue of the 1940s and 1950s. He proved you could wear comfortable clothes and not look like a bum, that you could be a big bopper and moped and achieve a touchable, lovable masculine grace. And loafers were part of this look—which, while we are on the subject, was a look that others took to as well, though with different effect and certainly not with Kelly's regularity.

Fred Astaire had no loafers when he danced his magnum opus, *Bandwagon*. Kelly wore the dressier variety, tasseled loafers, in *To Catch a Thief*. Van Johnson set his loafers off with these matted socks. And Peter Lindbergh wore them with one leg sock at all.

A boot maker named Bass started it all and called his shoe the Weegan, acknowledged by Norwegian designers. Stars noticed. Bass had provided made-to-order boots for Admiral Byrd's *Astoria* expedition and Lindbergh had worn Bass Flying Boots on his flight across the Atlantic. The Bass company will make its most-curable boot today, which it sells for about sixty-five dol-

lars. Countless other outfits make them too, and some make them with a well-concealed for more support. One that is particularly good—in fact—is by Allen,

and it is sold at Barney's in New York, at Bass in Newport Beach, California, and Brooks Brothers for approximately twice what a Weegan costs. —John B. Smith

## THE RIGHT STUFF Skip It

**T**ake a fellow who is out of shape and disoriented with a simple jump rope, get him thinking, sweating, and thinking, and before too long you have a version of what is now called a jump rope "system," or, more properly, a GYRO-Jump. In this case, the fellow is Robert Miller, a forty-year-old fitness buff from California who put together the first such rope in 1979 in relative obscurity.

The problem with ordinary jump ropes, Miller says, is simply that they don't do enough for your body. They are for children's play or even for boomer aerobic workouts, but they don't help develop the muscles of the arms or the upper body. So, using ball bearings from a sliding glass door, plastic tubing from a sprinkler system, and heavy grips from bicycle handlebars, Miller constructed an early version of the GYRO-Jump. After considerable refinement, Clark Gable in *Tenderloin*, Gregory Peck in *Roman Holiday*, Gary Grant in the dressier variety, tasseled loafers, in *To Catch a Thief*. Van Johnson set his loafers off with these matted socks. And Peter Lindbergh wore them with one leg sock at all.

A boot maker named Bass started it all and called his shoe the Weegan, acknowledged by Norwegian designers. Stars noticed. Bass had provided made-to-order boots for Admiral Byrd's *Astoria* expedition and Lindbergh had worn Bass Flying Boots on his flight across the Atlantic. The Bass company will make its most-curable boot today, which it sells for about sixty-five dol-



your hands. Suddenly, the jump rope isn't quite as simple as it used to be.

When Miller took his GYRO-Jumps to the tennis buying show in San Francisco last summer, he looked somewhat out of place among the Fila, Lacoste, and Prince set, but apparently he was noticed. When he left the show, he had sold three hundred samples and written orders for two thousand more. "My premise," Miller says, "is to take the jump rope out of the boring rope and give it to everybody. What is why he now often has orders in different colors and sizes, and in leather as well as synthetic rope. The handles measure and adjust to three different lengths, allowing you to jump for speed, stamina, and upper-body workouts.

As for the future of the GYRO-Jump, it may well be in the growing market, for it is now becoming clear that many of the millions who started running in the past few years have been neglecting their bodies from the waist up—just where this overhauled jump rope does its best work. To get held all over, contact GYRO-Jumps, P.O. Box 6006, Palm Springs, California 92260. ●



Consumer Orientation  
No. 20 in a Series  
of Technical Papers  
Budget: Introduction of the 928  
New Power New Performance New  
Parameters of Comfort and Luxury

# 20 Porsche 928S

At Porsche, our philosophy is to design, test, produce, and constantly improve. The new 928S embodies this idea and is the proof of our success in the 928. Consider its liquid-cooled, fuel-injected, aluminum-alloy V-8 engine. Displacement has been increased to 4.7 liters. And output has been raised to 224 hp.

On the track, with manual transmission, the 928S accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in 5.2 seconds. It reaches the 100-mph mark in a standing start in 15.2 seconds at a speed of 60 mph. And it has a maximum speed of 146 mph.

The 928S' innovative design places the engine in front and transmission in back. It produces a nearly perfect 50-50 front-to-rear weight distribution for improved cornering and balanced braking. And it creates a high-polar moment of inertia that reduces pitching, resists cross winds, and maintains directional control. The 928S' unique Weissach rear axle optimizes rear wheel alignment during deceleration or braking and while cornering. A new front-end design helps get the car in no more than 0.2 seconds to control oversteer. The 928S' aerodynamic design includes integral front and rear spoilers to reduce lift and improve road holding. To optimize driver performance, standard equipment includes an adjustable tilt steering column and instrument cluster. Power-assisted, variable-boost rack-and-pinion steering. Four wheels, internally-vented power disc brakes. A power lock on the driver's side. Automatic cruise control. Automatic climate control. Electrically-heated and adjustable outside rearview mirrors. Retractable halogen headlights with a power-wash system. And a choice of 5-speed manual or new 4-speed automatic transmission. Priced at \$43,000\* the new 928S is Porsche's finest. For your Porsche or Audi dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Ohio, (800) 322-4400. \*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Tax, license, registration and dealer delivery charges additional. © 1992 Porsche Audi.

PORSCHE • AUDI  
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE





## 3

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thirty-three-year-old first-generation Chinese-American, as well known as a first-rate teacher and as the author of the highly regarded Chinese Textsinger (Simon & Schuster). Highly spirited, intelligent, and very energetic, he is a friendly analyst for the groups of twenty Americans he escorts to Hong Kong twice each year; he also is fluent in the Cantonese dialect and, as he puts it, feels "more Chinese in China." The combination makes him a perfect guide for students in a screen land.

### GOOD HOME COOKING

This week-long excursion is designed as much for those whose interest in food is limited to eating as for those—professionals and amateurs—who cook. Blum is a master of technique, but his principal mission as a teacher is to develop the palate and expand the enormous side of the food experience. For instance, one of his live cooking sessions may be devoted to the preparation of eight different kinds of crab; another devoted entirely to various vegetables in any number of preparations. Blum's method of *drowning* live shrimp in rice wine, quickly blanching them, and then serving them up with a simple dipping sauce illustrates his emphasis on the importance of fresh ingredients and uncontrived preparation. Whatever the course, Blum's food is seasonal, tasty and characterful of foods in the ultimate sense.

The course culminates, logically, with a lesson in East-West cookery—an approach to integrating Oriental and Western techniques and ingredients that is uniquely Hest's. Typically, he may stir-fry fresh duck livers, a characteristic Chinese preparation, and then deglaze his wok with rice wine and sherry, a classic French method.

Outside the classroom, Hon's Hong Kong tour includes a daylong visit to the New Territories, the satellite towns developed to accommodate the city's growing population, a trek up the four hundred steps to the Monastery of Ten Thousand Buddhas (all of whom have

been宰inated, and a trip to a fishing village where literally hundreds of varieties of seafood are displayed, will drive a tank. Along Hong Kong's way of a manner of food. See the, for instance, is famous for pigeon farms and bean-curd factories.

The pigeons may be ready as small as quail or almost as big as geese. The bean curd from various characteristics in "butter" beak, and so much and "smooth" and even as roasted.

Between visits to either both for a revealing taste of fresh, other since mandated by FDA, and the other to the experimental, there is a place to be a recreation. First of all, a seafood restaurant. How good

## WHY CEASE?

Joe Horn holds his seasons in spring and in autumn, the ideal times in terms of weather and gastronomy. In spring there is an abundance of early catches—blue—arrow squabblers, yellow threes, and lightly smoked new crabs—and all sorts of shellfish. Autumn offers such treasures in hearty doses, an expensive delicacy dropped in from Shanghai and stewed for a great quantity of rice, and dry "rice birds," similar to ardisols, which are smashed whole, two or three at a sitting, as snacks. At all times evenings are spent at tea and two-to-three-course dinners that are as much a part of the restaurant cooking. This is in powerful contrast to Hime's own style, which is meant to be duplicated—and emulated—back here.

Kam Hoan in Hong Kong is a vigorous program, the effects of which are noted by the accommodations at the terrace. 180-year-old Peninsula Hotel—a stopping place in the grand manner. The spring session runs from April 21 through April 26; a fee of \$2,750 includes round-trip air fare from San Francisco, seven nights at the hotel, five two-hour cooking classes, dinners, and excursions. Arrangements are made through Kam Hoan in Hong Kong, 238 Orinda Way, Orinda, California 94662. Tel: 955-2556-8423. —Cassie Laiff

THE DRINKING MAN  
*Saying Goodnight*



**T**he nightingale is the last celebratory drink of an evening, the final social grace, a toast to time well spent: it suggests good things—trust, deep comradeship, shared tradition. The taking of a nightingale should be almost a ceremonial event; if it's reserved for aristocrats, fine it is aristocratic—which is to say that with a nightingale you can elevate an evening into something.

The drinks themselves ought to be those rich and elegant ones that you wouldn't drink at any other point in the evening, that deserve the spotlight all to themselves, that you would naturally save for last. Nightcaps aren't for dessert, they're postdessert drinks.

the treat on top of the treat. They should cleanse and stimulate the palate, not deaden it with thick sweetness. Those chocolaty, creamy things that are so popular these days at the lodges and women's dormitories are—for lightness, anyway—inappropriate. If you need something sweet with which to end the evening, make it sweet and brisk, like clear crème de menthe (clearer than the electric-green variety), straight up or on the rocks. Or try one of the squaws from Scandinavia, tongue-chillies and strong.

Cocktail-hour liquors are not the usual nightcaps. Though there are notable exceptions, Vodka's party makes it hearty and appropriate for just before bedtime, and Roy Andries de Groot, writing in the pages of *Esquire*, once defended single-malt Scotch as a postprandial drink the equal of Cognac. So be it. Miney, however, is taboo. The ultimate drink of an evening is not the time for the sit-down ceremony of a

comparative experience of surfaces like diamonds and whiskey soups, or the excremental addition of soda to Scotch or korn, to vodka. The essence of a nightclub is in its spirit, literal and figurative. The liquor and the occasion are to be relished and to be appreciated in all their complexity.

Cognac is, of course, the quintessentially regional spirit. Any good brandy will serve, actually, but Cognac sitshe top of the list. It's a stern taste, has a serious aroma, and its elegance is large; its very austerity is filling. A very little in a snifter soothes the mouth and the mood.

Finally, for the drinker who is not devoted to the thermodynamic laws of Cognac and who finds sweetness at bedtime cloying, there exists a brilliant compromise: The vinage, which in three parts leads to one part of water (Continued on page 30)

[illegible]

## ALLEN BANKS ACCOUNTANT BY DAY FROG BY NIGHT



When Allen's finished a taxing day at the office, he limbers his legs and really springs into action. With FRODOER™ Segal's popular arcade game, now a home video game from Parker Brothers.

Just like Allen, you can try to avoid the hazards that stand between you and your life partner. First you have to cross a crowded highway. Then it's on to a river where rolling logs and turtle shells are all that protect you from hungry alligators.

Every Parker Brothers home video game offers a unique challenge. Like SUPER CDON, where you fly a helicopter through mazes, mountains and buildings while being attacked every inch of the way. Then there's STAR WARS®.

**THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**  
where it's up to you to destroy  
the Imperial Walkers before  
they bomb the Rebel base

These and other Parker Brothers home video games, are based on popular arcade games, exciting movie themes and comic book adventures. Every game combines brilliant graphics and stirring sound effects that'll get you so involved, you'll feel like a part of the action. Just take a look from Allen.

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**PARKER BROTHERS**  
VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGES  
**The Ones To Beat**

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1



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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

# The City of the Future

Despite its problems, **Miami** is the New York and Los Angeles of tomorrow

BY T.D. Allman

WELL, MIAMI'S DESTINY is two-thirds right. The place has not become a city. It has no middle class. But it does have an end-of-the-world willingness to drive far enough to find it.

Head out Southwest Eighth Street, aka U.S. 41, aka the Tamiami Trail, in southern Florida; the causeway from here is the only one with multiple lanes! True, nothing much changes for the first couple hundred blocks. Whether the signs are in Spanish or English, whether the people are white or black or brown, Miami still looks like a used-car lot of a metropolis.

But be patient. Eventually the subdivisions will thin out. The sky will open up. You will find yourself in an immense swamp. Go a few more miles, make a sharp left, stop at the parking lot, walk down the trail and the swamp about a quarter mile. You will know you have finally reached the cab of Miami because you are face to face with a ten-foot alligator—and this is not one of those alligators that you see at Serengeti for a living.

This is a mystery. Or is it a metaphor—for what we Americans, for two hundred years now, have done with the expanse all around us? Every day the monstrous lesson of all that is innocent, all that is strange, lurches half out of the water, half into the sand, where she has made a nest. So the rangers of Everglades National Park have done what the Miami cops do when some

drug dealer has loaded another drug dealer's car, or when there is a riot. They have cordoned off the road with those red plastic concert stanchions to divert traffic when there is danger up ahead. Don't come closer, the cops say, you might get your arm ripped off.

The alligator comes there every day. She lies there listening to something, and it is so though the reptiles have it trying to comprehend what is better. If you put your ear to the ground you can hear it too. It is no distant roar, a kind of low rumble, a little like breaking waves, a lot more like the hum of a freeway.

The alligator does not know it, but she is listening to Miami. She is listening to the sound of quicksand being metamorphosed into concrete, of swamp and scrubland turning itself, almost overnight, into a real case of America's future.

#### THE CITY OF TOMORROW

WHEN IT COMES to understanding the events that have overtaken Miami recently, even those people who have lived there most of their lives are like that alligator. The changes have been so big and have come so rapidly that not even the human brain can comprehend them all.

In Miami race riots and downtown lust people, the drug and crime capital of the United States, is in Miami

T.D. Allman is an editor of *Puerto Rico Survey*. This is his first piece for *Esquire*.



## IN COCONUT GROVE, MIAMI'S ETHOS OF ENDLESS affluence, perpetual youth, and ceaseless pleasure is in its purest form.

the world's newest great city, in the local booster's like to say? Is Miami the cradle of the elderly or same Sun Belt fountain of perpetual youth? The American Dream in the Florida nightmare?

After two visits there I came to one conclusion: Miami is the most disarming city in America right now, precisely because gradually everything everyone says about it, both good and bad, is true. Since the answer Miami is such a compelling place to visit.

In one sense the TV networks are right. Every major national problem we face has converged on Miami lately, and from Miami Beach to Liberty City you get the sense that thousands of all kinds have had to look big challenges in the face and do something about them. The travels of recent years have given Miami a lot of pos-

sibilities. But they've also given Miami something else—a kind of character, a gritty resourcefulness and an ability to rebound from the worst kinds of crises, which is one of the city's most effective qualities.

Not that Miami is all problems. Indeed, it offers pleasures and excitements only a handful of major cities anywhere do. Miami is parties and ballet in Little Havana, the dollar vito of Coconut Grove, the art deco high-rises of South Beach. It's racing and gambling at Hialeah, sailing on Biscayne Bay, and looking over the Atlantic Ocean. In the United States only New York and Los Angeles clearly exceed Miami in sheer cosmopolitan urban excitement. Yet the robust "cultural" experience I had there was one you can't find in any concert hall. At Sunday morning mass in Little Haiti, thousands of worshippers

sing "Waa, Joana Jean" ("Come, Lord Jesus"). As this Creole hymn flows out into the surrounding streets, one could swear what people coming to Miami have always believed and, for all the city's problems, still believe today: this is a place where even the most impossible dreams can come true.

### AN ACCIDENTAL HISTORY

ONLY YESTERDAY, PRACTICALLY speaking, Miami had some of its present grit and glamor. It was only the Castells and their allies. How did Miami become, almost overnight, a city of skyscrapers and slaves, of drug smugglers and multimillionaire corporations, one of the most cosmopolitan real-estate/corrupt cities in the whole United States?

The sheer newness of Miami produces



## AT THE NOTRE DAME D'HAITI CHURCH, THE REVEREND Thomas Wenski baptizes the youngest member of a Haitian family

the first of Miami's many paradoxes. It is simply that unless you have a sense of history you can't understand Miami at all. Unfolding everything is the fact that just eighty-seven years ago the place didn't exist at all—and if it weren't for a bouquet of strange blessings, the skeptics might still be Miami's only residents.

As was to happen to others in the future, it was misfortune elsewhere that caused the place, a coastal ridge badly eroded and grove swamps on the east and now grass swamps on the west, to take a quantum leap. It was the winter of 1896.

The coldest cold spell in memory gripped the United States. Many feared for the future of Florida's citrus houses and citrus industries. But when others saw crisis, local landowner Jake Tingle perceived—in another corner of Miami's fu-

ture—an opportunity worth exploiting. He sent retired migrant Henry Flagler a bouquet of sugar blossoms. It was this loving proof that Miami was a place where the sun shone even during the harshest winters farther north that introduced Miami from a private estate into a future metropolis. Flagler ordered his railroad south to Miami (where he also built the lavish Royal Palm Hotel), unleashing a flood of immigrants into Miami that hasn't stopped flowing since. Hundreds of people, ranging from shoeleppers to real-estate speculators, converged on Miami hoping to make their fortune.

Other cities have stricken as forts or foundries, trading centers or ports. Miami must surely be the only metropolis in our history to start out as a glacier to get away from it all and even today Miami's popula-

tion continues to shape its identity as strongly as the hurricanes does Detroit's.

Unsettled? Well, would you generalize the phrase "postindustrial society" until 1975? But that's what Miami has been from the very beginning—a place where some are searching for happiness and others are there waiting to rob them blind, palms their shoes, and pack their pockets. Tingle and Flagler did not realize it, but they were not just developing another Florida resort. They were pioneering, eighty years in advance, our national transformation into a service-sector economy. Even today manufacturing accounts for only 5.7 percent of Miami's total income. Economically Miami is a city of the future because it always has been.

Not that Miami secured the wave of the future very long. Indeed, Miami's early

years established another theme that still dominates the city's life—racial inequality and human disaster. From the beginning, Miami was a city not just of crime and riots but of yellow-fever epidemics, bubbling red-mud bubbles, and killer hurricanes. Not until the 1950s, when the sun-soaked age merged with the affluent society, did the Miami myth of an idyllic retreat from picture postcard emerge.

Then came Miami's years of destruction: the time of the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis. A cold spell had created Miami. The cold war propelled it into a turbulent urban adolescence that has not ended yet.

By the early 1960s, Miami in fact was at the vortex of two of the most consequential changes in contemporary American history. The first was the Sun Belt shift, and the impact of this fundamental concentration in America's economic, social, and political life on Miami can be illustrated as well as

few statistics. Thirty years ago the entire state of Florida had less than three million people. Today what the Census Bureau calls the Miami-Fort Lauderdale Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area now has three million members of people and the state had lost back then and is the tenth-largest metropolitan area in the whole United States. Put another way, Greater Miami has built up a larger population in the last thirty years of its existence than Greater Boston did during the first State's hundred years of its existence. One reason things change so fast in Miami is that social-human changes occur there in a year that takes place in a decade in many other cities.

The Sun Belt shift by itself could hardly have made Miami another London or Moscow. But it was an entirely different kind of human phenomenon that made Miami not just a big American city but an international metropolis as well: the beginning of the great flood of immigrants into the United States, not from Northern or Eastern Europe but from the Third World, especially from Latin America.

Many other American cities now also have large Hispanic populations. But, as with much of the rest of the country, not there first. In fact, long before the city started seeking headlines, Miami was becoming the place where future shock might have been invented. From the beginning, Miami anticipated the postindustrialization of the United States. After World War II, it was on the cutting edge of our great upward lunge down the freeway to the shopping mall, where the sun always shines. And since the 1960s Miami has also anticipated the internationalization of America life.

**THE INTERNATIONAL CITY**  
IF MIAMI REALLY is a prototype of the opportunities and problems the rest of

## Miami doesn't produce much. It processes things—money, information, hopes, dreams.

us may eventually lose it, it suggests the future is beating down on us all a lot faster than anyone might have imagined. The most disconcerting thing about Miami isn't the crime, drugs, and all the other Miami problems you hear so much about. It's the seriousness—determined, emboldened, sometimes appalling, but always disconcerting—of a mass reaction of explosive change that started in Miami that no one could stop now even if they tried.

Consider a few aspects of the metamorphosis of Miami into a major world metropolis.

- As late as 1964 Miami may as well have been a backwater town in the Maldives. Thirty years ago, except that year, hardly 50 foreign jets a year in foreign lands, one of the largest international airports, and as the world's largest cruise ship port. A \$250 million expansion program will double the port's size by 1996.

- Not very long ago, Miami International Airport was where a lot of tourists got off. It handled no transatlantic traffic at all. Today Miami is the second-busiest international airport in the United States—the place where the air routes of North America, Europe, and Latin America all converge. Miami airport handles twenty million passengers and about \$4 billion in foreign trade a year, and jet-land here, the growth seems scarcely to have begun. International air traffic is growing at the rate of 30 percent a year, and a \$600 million expansion program is under way.

- Total foreign trade now amounts to about \$10 billion a year in the Miami-Fort Lauderdale area. It handles more than half of all U.S. trade with the Caribbean, about 40 percent of all U.S. trade with Central America. Europe and Africa similarly tie to be the first frontiers for Miami's burgeoning import-export business.

- As late as 1977 there were no foreign banks in Miami and few U.S. banks con-

gregated in international finance. Today more than 120 banks in Greater Miami are engaged in international operations. More than 200 multinational corporations have offices in the Miami area, sixty-five are headquarters there. At the end of 1984 the International Exchange of the Americas, based on Lloyd's of London, began operations in Miami as well.

- Less than ten years ago tourism was still the top Miami-Miami biggest industry. Today tourism, banking, and sea tourism trade account for two thirds of all income and jobs, and tourism itself has become an international business. In 1981 British tourists spent more money in Miami than tourists from Ohio and Texas combined. Latin Americans spent more than \$1.5 billion in Miami—more than twice what visitors from New York, Miami's traditional main source of tourists, did.

Physically, Miami is not being "re-created" like many other American cities—an entirely new city is being built. More than \$3 billion in new buildings, in fact, is transforming Miami into an overgrown suburban metropolis within New York-style skyline. Construction of a \$1-billion Metrolink system is also contributing to what people there call the "Miami transformation" of downtown Miami.

What accounts for this veritable metamorphosis? In 1989 it was a colorful, a smart head, and first-time visitors that transformed Miami from a sleepy into a mid-state banana. Today it is the jet airplane, the computer, and something far more precious to economists than orange blossoms and sandy shores—major new business of U.S. political stability and American technology and a skilled, multilingual Hispanic and American work force that is transforming Miami into a truly global city.

To understand, think of Miami as a metropolitan chip, for Miami doesn't produce much of anything. Instead it processes a multitude of things—money, information, cargoes, passengers, hopes, dreams, to say nothing of illegal drugs and cocaine. This may seem a task that could be performed anywhere, and you consider not just the efficiency of a computer but its vulnerability. It needs skilled technicians who speak its language. The computer also needs a special environment: clean air, no millions of different mosquitoes every day you use it in the busy retail shops downtown, where the Latin American tourists converge with the blue jeans and video games. You see it in that office, most respected, and near "America's" of Miami institutions, The Miami Herald, which is really the daily newspaper of the Caribbean and much of Latin America as well.

Not only does Miami's genius for process must clearly touch on the East-West Expressway to that prodigious cutting

edge of Miami—that this consistently moving line where the newly laid asphalt has just been mowed but of unswerving and turned it into another part of the city.

Stagnant a parallel in Peru was eight thousand Swiss watches," said Maria



## THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE CUBAN COMMUNITY are a uniquely American hybrid of the old Havana and the new

of political stability and economic and personal freedom only the United States can provide. The data banks use the time in connecting commercial economies of North America, the European Common Market, and Latin America.

And Miami is the microcosmos that connects them all—in millions of different transactions every day you use it in the busy retail shops downtown, where the Latin American tourists converge with the blue jeans and video games. You see it in that office, most respected, and near "America's" of Miami institutions, The Miami Herald, which is really the daily newspaper of the Caribbean and much of Latin America as well.

Not only does Miami's genius for process must clearly touch on the East-West Expressway to that prodigious cutting

edge of Miami—that this consistently moving line where the newly laid asphalt has just been mowed but of unswerving and turned it into another part of the city.

"Stagnant a parallel in Peru was eight thousand Swiss watches," said Maria Camila Llovera, executive vice president of the new Miami First Data Corporation, which opened an Internet scribble on July 1979. "Or a Swiss department store wants some French perfume. In today's global economy," she explained, "the problem is not producing the watches or the perfume. The problem is matching them up with the people who want them."

Maria Llovera, a Colombian, led me to a computer terminal and punched out a code. "It turns out," she said after a moment, that the Swiss watches closest to Peru are in Panama. We'll leave them in

mediately. As for the perfume they want in Texas, we have it in our inventory bin and will fly it to Dallas this afternoon."

Like so much in the new, internationalized Miami, the First Data is all air-conditioned and computerized—a fusion of foreign capital and American technology that produces nothing and yet generates enormous wealth. Indeed, where three years in operation, the same last year cut itself an international work force of 1,380 people and processed \$1 billion worth of goods involving 165 countries and 156 companies.

I complimented the zone's corporate vice-president, Robert Spaul, on his starting a business but for building out of cedar blocks and plate glass, silver chips and air conditioning ducts, a model of Miami itself.

Special won't be surprised by the observation. "We didn't realize it first," he said, "that what we had put together here was a kind of magnet for everything Miami became. But it didn't occur to me what I tried to put together an organization did." He handed me a piece of paper. On it were listed, in capital letters, all the elements that combined to make Miami one of the world's fastest-growing centers of international trade: INTERNATIONAL COMPANIES, GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION, PEOPLE, BANKING AND INSURANCE, GOVERNMENT SERVICES, COMMUNICATION, TRANSPORTATION.

"It was easy to identify the crucial factors, but, graphically speaking, there was one problem," Special added. "I couldn't figure out what Miami should go."

Then it struck me. Miami had to go to the middle. Miami was the thing that connected everything else.

What nurtures such extraordinary growth? Though its ramifications are endlessly complex, the answer is simple: Today international commerce is taking at a staggering rate. Since 1950 Latin America's foreign trade has grown from \$5 billion to about \$20 billion a year. U.S. foreign trade has grown from about \$26 billion to about \$900 billion a year. Total world trade has grown from \$45 billion to \$1 trillion a year.

And Miami is ideally placed to cash in on them all. In 1982 tourism, banking, international trade, and foreign tourism earned metropolitan Miami \$2.9 billion out of the earnings of 100 cities. If Greater Miami were an independent nation it would be only a single county in southern Florida, a wealth here the third largest GNP in Latin America, exceeded only by Brazil and Mexico.

The business sometimes may make Miami seem like a nightmare, and more now computerized, San Diego, postcard-tourist mecca of the American Desert. But when you look beneath the surface, you find what both the cultural and dollar developers and the Miami local people already know: in Miami the freeways are paved with gold.

**THE MIAMI NIGHTMARE**  
ALL THE BOLD new faces at Miami recently really come down to four basic problems: drugs and violence, illegal immigration, race, and the crisis of the elderly. And what lies beneath all Miami's screaming capacity not just to grow and change but to prosper is the fact that at the bottom of all Miami's worst problems are the same factors that explain its success: a unique geographic location accompanied by dizzying growth and change. "Whether it's the positive things or the negative things," says Maurice

## To Miamians recent events have proved that this is a city that can take anything.

Reese, mayor of Miami, "this city is going to remain the focus of the most dramatic external and internal problems. Miami's unique position as a hub of international commerce and a source of our most serious problems."

Like a lot of claims about Miami, that statement has always been true. When Julia Tuttle sent off her bouquet of orange blossoms, she was cut to attract big investors and wealthy settlers. But from the beginning, Miami's history has taught an important lesson that is true about America as a whole. It is that when you start a scapegoat-driven opportunity, you can't be choosy. For Miami that is exactly why violence, how can it be that stark and poor? Because if a lawbreaking Cuban businessman can make a small fortune there, honesty, what is to prevent a Colombian cocaine dealer from making a big fortune elsewhere?

"Crime societies don't have closed borders. That's one of America's greatest assets," said David Davis of the Drug Task Force Administration. "It's also the biggest headache." Miami's unrivaled position as a magnet for foreign investment, legitimate investment, and respectable international commerce also makes it a magnet for the crooks, landless money, and illicit traffic in the Western Hemisphere. By the end of 1982, 50 to 90 percent of all the cocaine and marijuana entering the United States was coming through southern Florida—but that was only part of a two-way street. "If every gun sold in Dade County were kept here," observed Miami Police Chief Kenneth Harris, "the rest of the world would be a larger proportion of the weapons going to Latin America—undoubtedly to end up on the hands of terrorists and guerrilla groups—up here, coming from Miami as well."

Two of Miami's biggest problems—drugs and the host people—are part and

parcel of the very interdependence of the city that fills people there with so much pride. In that sense, Miami isn't a victim of drugs and illegal immigrants. It is, however, a victim of its own success.

Though it's less obvious, the problems of Miami's blacks and old people derive directly from Miami's emergence as a great metropolitan area. For while Miami's extraordinary growth has been making demands, even more for many, it has been turning life into a nightmare for others. The new immigrants, both legal and illegal, have enriched Miami—but have also often filled economic niches at the expense of blacks. In 1980, for example, blacks owned or operated 58 percent of Miami's gas stations, but that was a field the Cubans soon came to dominate. In 1979 the total of black-owned stations was only 4 percent. Meanwhile, when new ones were putting out black neighborhoods and putting nothing in their place.

A similar process has turned Miami into a place where many old folks find they have no place at all. Weekly revenues largely cut reduced the Miami's elderly, they have turned many retired persons into urban refugees.

At second you in Miami is a monumental proof of our civilization's capacity to generate things almost instantly, accurately out of nothing: skyscrapers, highways, computers, airplanes, cars. But when at the meaning of life—no matter how many cars and telephones and air-conditioners you have—it ends at loneliness, with the realization that the world is almost empty. If concerned, it would be better if you did not exist at all.

For sixty-five years, said a seventy-year-old woman who works for the Dade County Library Services, "people have all clustered into the part where there is their reward for years of work. Then they retire and come to Miami, and they find it's all a lie. They find retirement is a punishment for being old, and that that punishment consists of being crowded from your own home. I don't want to be crowded. I'm confined to Miami Beach. You know," she concluded, "people get better when they're treated like it."

That rule I returned to the part of Miami where I had been staying. In a place called Coconut Grove and it is there that the Miami effect of constant newness, perpetual youth, endless affluence, constant success, and careless pleasure shows its truest form. Each morning from the balcony I intended to be pulled down in a swimming pool where young, slender, and blond human beings constantly amazed themselves as a parking lot filled with Mercedeses, BMWs, and Audis, to a municipal park where during every daylight hour the just

gore, multi-storied, and cyclists constantly bankrupt their bodies as though they were expensive, precious possessions.

Coconut Grove has many elegant restaurants, and that evening I decided to have dinner in one of them. I had spent the morning in Liberty City and the afternoon in South Beach, and the most surprising discovery was that they were both so much alike.

Liberty City was black and poor and mostly young, of course, while South Beach was Jewish and poor and mostly very old. But what linked both places was a deep sense of isolation from all that Miami has become in recent years. No one in either place talked about the crime problem. Instead they talked about the problems of living in a city—a world—that, however full of possibilities for others, had no place for them.

Why, I wondered, did this restaurant in Coconut Grove suddenly sound like South Beach and Liberty City? Perhaps safely. I looked into the faces of the three people at the bar and saw the life of each, each bigger than Miami, as someone in America said. But if you're a young, healthy and energetic enough and were personable enough and chose the right person, you would never know the isolation of the ghetto, the despair of the old folk home. You would never feel like you would never suffer, you would never grow old. In fact, you would be just like Miami—young in yesterday, up-to-date in all our tomorrows.

Like the blacks in Liberty City, the old people in South Beach, the old people of Coconut Grove outside the ghetto. The only difference was that they didn't know it. From the beginning it seemed to me Miami illustrated, more clearly than any other city, our American capacity to create wealth and dreams out of nothing. Gradually I came to the conclusion that Miami also held up a mirror to that strange American nightmare that seems always to pursue us no matter how many success we turn into cities of tomorrow.

Miami, of course, did not present any of our great national problems. The problems of the ghetto, of the elderly, of drugs and violence, hurt every American city. It has just been Miami's fate, as with so many other things, to have these problems come like hurricanes into its life. And to tell the truth, the hardest thing people, the best going drug traffic, and the fact that the Social Security crisis has hit the Miami area hardest because of its large population of retired people, and all have a multiple crisis that no American cities have ever had to face.

How has Miami come up under this assault? The last few years have revealed another constant in Miami's short but eventful life. This isn't just a place

## Miami is too thoroughly American to become either paradise lost or utopia.

where—especially but inevitably—the Hispanics strike. It's a place, where, over and over again, people have dropped away the mask and started looking new lives again once the storm has abated. To many outsiders, Miami may seem a dream of a dream, a place where a dream is a dream. But in many blinks, recent events have proved something else—that this is a city that can take anything and still come back fighting.

"Miami is prevailing," says John Kessler, the Miami News's pioneering columnist. "This community is successfully absorbing the shocks of the last few years. There is the definite sense of problems being dealt with, and Miami moving on to the next challenge."

It is a wonder that can almost belie Miami, and the changes have been dramatic. Though still at unacceptable levels, crime in Miami is dropping in a record from the flood level of a year or two ago. In fact, recent statistics from the Miami Police Department show a 46 percent drop in arrests, and declines in the incidence of rape, burglary, and robbery of about 15 percent. Just as important, Miami's crime problems have helped engender a sense of community that has transcended ethnic divisions. When black and Hispanic crime victims last year united to lobby for increased taxes to improve the criminal justice system and for greater community involvement in anti-crime efforts, "Thank you," says Lester Freeman, senior vice-president of the Southeast Bank, N.A., "we feel safe."

"We are all sick and sad concerning murders and crime in mind-boggling quantities and foreign drug traffickers are still prevailing. American consumers with white skin," until people finally realized the Cubans were the solution. The Haitians, too, want to work, but you don't know the work ethic by looking people up. He concludes, "The real test, as always in Miami,

refused," says the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of Florida, Steven Marston. "You can see the effects in increased prosecutions." Adolfo Carreras-Rios, the Justice Department's chief of the Miami office at Miami. "We haven't solved the drug problem, but we've shown how it can be managed." Whatever the long-term results, Miamians are grateful that they no longer have to bear witness to the worst best of the human condition.

Of all Miami's crises, the invasion of Castro's best people once seemed the most serious. But Miami clearly is solving that problem, and practical experience here shows where the credit should go. Says William Colton, president of the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce, "Miami's Cuban community has done an outstanding job of assimilating the Marielitos." In fact, nearly thousands of Miami's 120,000 Marielitos are now gainfully employed and rapidly becoming assets to the community. No one here considers those Cubans who emigrated from Castro's jails as much to the community, but they are. The Miami Cuban community is gradually being absorbed, too. "The U.S. criminal justice system is not very efficient when it comes to individuals of burglary or robbing," says one law-enforcement official. "But the repeat crime will eventually be caught. That's what's happening with the Marielitos."

The million host people are another of those crises that now seem much more like a manageable problem—perhaps even a source of future strength. For Miami's Cuban and Hispanic population is growing, and U.S. legislators in Miami, where high government officials have been involved in the traffic, have showed the influx of host people. Simultaneously the American justice system has ordered the country to accept and bathe them in that U.S. government's treatment of the Marielitos has caused by ruling that Haitians held without trial at Miami's Krome detention center and elsewhere must be released. "What started out as a crisis for the city," says the special commissioner has turned into at least a modest victory for the city," says the Reverend Thomas Wooten of the Puerto Rican Catholic Diocese Center.

What concerns many Miamians now is whether the Haitians, the other new comers to Miami, will have the chance to make a positive contribution or not. "For years we talked about the Cuban problem," notes professor Jay Layton, an assistant dean. Dutch immigrant, who worked at Florida's first international school, "until people finally realized the Cubans were the solution. The Haitians, too, want to work, but you don't know the work ethic by looking people up. He concludes, "The real test, as always in Miami,



is whether we will have the capacity to turn them into opportunity."

Until recently, to regard Liberty City as a mother of Miami's opportunities would have seemed absurd. But even there one can find signs of a city that is about to start building again, once the storm has abated. "There's hope in Liberty City," says Ray Brown, a columnist for *The Miami Herald*.

The storm brought hope in Liberty City these days, to Ray Brown, at least. "Black people have discovered they can make a difference," Miami's black community, in fact, has come back from the disaster and reconstruction that followed the 1980 riot to start a string of expensive private ventures in Miami. One of them, Brown says, decided the carcasses of the most recent electoral election. "The blacks have shown they're back in the game with Anglos and Hispanics—told back in the game to stay," says one Miami politician.

Another local leader in Liberty City in the emergence of strong community leadership. The most prominent of the new black leaders in Les Brown—a Miami-born actor, announcer and former member of the Black Panthers—has decided to stay in Miami following the riots for personal reasons and in a matter of months emerged as the first authentic voice of street-level black aspirations in years. Brown, who now has expanded his community organizing and his radio program to Atlanta and other cities, is generally credited with doing more than anyone else to mobilize black voters and to infuse Liberty City with a new sense of opportunity. His aim, he says, is to "show even the street kids that blacks can have a future in Miami."

The deluged-out southern masses of Miami Beach once seemed as devoid of hope and local leadership as Liberty City. And today South Beach, as everyone calls it, remains a classic case study in the loss of community capacity. The area's residents are also devastated, their overnight. Yet even in South Beach one runs into examples of Miami's most affecting characteristics—first, faith that, if only because of its overseas and domestic, individuals can make a difference, perhaps even make dramatic change here.

"When I came down here," said Barbara Bray Capitan, a New Yorker in her early 40s, "I thought my life was over." Then she happened upon the challenge that would turn a disgraced local leader—and source of hope—in South Beach, in Les Brown in a Liberty City. "The developers seemed to see the Devo District, close away the old people, and put up high-rise condominiums," she recalls. "I decided not to let them get me down."

Capitan and her fellow preservationists have won a number of battles—including the creation of a federal Art Deco Architectural District. It is still by no means certain what will win the case. But as

Capitan gestures to the random buildings around her, she does what so many people in Miami have chosen done.

Out of nothing, she conjures up a dream city. "All the institutions in here, the credit unions, the banks, the insurance companies in America," she says. "The architecture, the geographic location, the people. This could be a vibrant community where all kinds of people—elderly residents, young artists, people from the North, people from Latin America—could together to create something, harmonious community."

It might be a pious not just to South Beach but to what the whole of Miami could be. Yet, so with Liberty City, the dream city of South Beach isn't whether it will be "saved" just in Liberty City contains some of the most desirable commercial properties in Miami. South Beach has all the attributes necessary to make it one of the most desirable residential locations in the United States.

Instead, the real question is: Who will place the Liberty City and South Beach be saved for? For the poor or the elderly? Or for those with the biggest checksbooks? If Miami is to be anything, it is that the great American success myth doesn't usually surface into skyscrapers. It usually emerges to crush someone as it hurtles through. Equally difficult questions lie ahead. The future of Miami has been fighting against drugs and crime.

"We'll never solve the drug problem unless we take a more rational approach," says State Senator Jack Gordon, one of the few Miami politicians who openly favor legislation of marijuana. He says that a heavy police presence in the city—there is no other country on earth where a phenomenon like Miami could have occurred. Miami's both Americas past and America future become a metaphor that America has been about from the very beginning. The best, and probably all ways will be about.

In a city in landscape in Miami, it's sometimes easy to forget the main point. The chief reason Miami seems so "foreign" to many of us these days is the same reason it seems so foreign to Americans: it seemed so foreign to "real" Americans at other times: the whole history of America is the history of "Americans" coming here, whether "real" Americans liked it or not—and in the process both assimilating and changing themselves.

In less than twenty years the average income of a native family of four has risen by 3,000 percent—from \$2,229 in 1950 to \$12,500 in 1969. In 1969, Miami's population was 264,000. Today it is 360,000. In comparison, the same year the entire U.S. of Cuba, and the one million Cubans still living there, came to about 114 billion. Miami's Cuban community gained 86 percent in population in the last 10 years. But not

capacity nor just to create problems but to cope with them and benefit from them. Miami has been facing a test of its strength, character, and imagination," says Ray Brown, a public-relations man who has spent a major part of his community work for the more than twenty years. He added, in a judgment recent events have reinforced. "The encouragement by the results. Maybe we're growing up."

#### MIAMI, U.S.A.

WHAT WILL MIAMI be like when it finally finishes growing up?

Though the myth that Miami is doomed is a big one, there is an equally big myth that Miami, for all its problems, purposes, and problems, is the "Vegas of the South." Some Miami Anglos, the local ones for white English speakers, have a better take on the myth. The last "real" American to leave Miami, they say, should remember to bring the flag.

There is no prophesy of doom about Miami, at least, that certainly never will come true. Of Miami's total population, for example, 52.7 percent are held by whites, 18.3 percent by blacks, and 28.9 percent by Hispanics. The 1980 census also showed that Miami's population is 36.4 percent Hispanic. The extraordinary thing about the young Cubans of Miami is not that they are Hispanic. It is that they are so utterly American except when around their families.

Middle-aged and young Cubans, who are proud themselves not only on their education but on being different. But at the years have worn on, many Cubans in Miami have begun to look around—and some that they, and especially their children, are really not so different from their Anglo neighbors after all. One afternoon, for example, I visited the home of one of these "average" refugee families of Cuban-born in one of these rare new suburbs on the fringes of Miami, where Col. Soto's family and his wife and children live. They've put together a patchwork, day-servants, and between, and like the rest of us, they don't have any answers when the shames of youth, of happiness, of endless apparent progress remain. And yet, the other really interesting thing about Miami is that, in spite of that perceived gap between the American reality and the American Dream, it all somehow works. Beneath all the surface chaos and tumult you have direct and legitimate and the rule of law. However it may be, Miami's future, there will never be a coup d'état.

The reason is that Miami—for all its exotic sensuousness—is so thoroughly American even to become periodic loss of any kind of utopia. In fact, you have to come to a place like Miami, seemingly "foreign," to appreciate that extraordinary power, that all pervasiveness—almost subliminal—force of what can only be called American civilization.

Goodbye, Miami. SOME OF US MIAMI MAY be less melodramatic, more "typical," even more unremarkable, unremarkable, that it is as both Miami's detractors and devotees.

Yet the diverse race among Miami Cubans, even though they are overwhelmingly Catholic, is not identical to the diverse race among English speakers.

As the old saying goes, only in America. On one level, therefore, what has happened to the Cubans is simple: they've lived the American success story.

But beneath the surface, things aren't really so simple. Miami, for example, is a city of a million cities that I don't think I met any Cuban there who was perfectly happy. The old people speak English. There are those in their middle years—those from liberty live to fifty-five. These are the men and women who have raised three generations of Cubans from penniless exile to affluence through success in work. They are on top now—and, after fifteen or twenty years, they may speak English well, but still as an American language.

And the younger generation of Cubans who grew up in America speak what we call "Spanglish," says one young woman, "as well as perfect English. These were elections at a country club last month, and people would be making speeches in Spanish. I'd sit there and hear them speak English."

The extraordinary thing about the young Cubans of Miami is not that they are Hispanic. It is that they are so utterly American except when around their families. Middle-aged and young Cubans, who are proud themselves not only on their education but on being different. But at the years have worn on, many Cubans in Miami have begun to look around—and some that they, and especially their children, are really not so different from their Anglo neighbors after all. One afternoon, for example, I visited the home of one of these "average" refugee families of Cuban-born in one of these rare new suburbs on the fringes of Miami, where Col. Soto's family and his wife and children live. They've put together a patchwork, day-servants, and between, and like the rest of us, they don't have any answers when the shames of youth, of happiness, of endless apparent progress remain. And yet, the other really interesting thing about Miami is that, in spite of that perceived gap between the American reality and the American Dream, it all somehow works. Beneath all the surface chaos and tumult you have direct and legitimate and the rule of law. However it may be, Miami's future, there will never be a coup d'état.

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Parents complain that their children are forgetting not just Spanish but the old way of life, and even "Latin House" is becoming a lot of a misnomer, in some Cubans are leaving downtown and moving to the surrounding suburbs. Miami may seem increasingly like a city of two cities. In Latin America, you would expect that the Cubans here have a way of life—and have become a kind of people—that never existed in Cuba under any regime. As always, Miami just barely enough too fast for the conventional wisdom to keep up, but I think it's not too early to say that Miami's already crossed a new watershed.

One great dream—the dream of Miami's bourgeoisie—already has reached its climax. An equally important dream—the dream of the Americanization of Miami's Latin—has already begun.

All the world now recognizes how the Cubans have changed Miami. But what of the effects on the Cubans of twenty years of color TV, freeways, supermarkets, and suburban life in the United States?

In the future, Miami, on less than the golden years of Coconut Grove, will grow older—and, at the same time, other American cities will discover that they, too, have a lot of Cuban voters and that there is big money to be made in longer term. Miami will become even, not less "American," as past because the rest of America will come to resemble Miami, but also because Miami will grow more and more like the rest of the United States.

But can it really be it? Miami—like that, for all the language and assimilation, people in Miami have wound up doing what we Americans always do: they've taken a wilderness and created a city, a capital and a modern metropolis. They've put together patchwork, day-servants, and between, and like the rest of us, they don't have any answers when the shames of youth, of happiness, of endless apparent progress remain. And yet, the other really interesting thing about Miami is that, in spite of that perceived gap between the American reality and the American Dream, it all somehow works. Beneath all the surface chaos and tumult you have direct and legitimate and the rule of law. However it may be, Miami's future, there will never be a coup d'état.

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But, as the old-sayers say, what that happens it won't be "my Miami" anymore. It will be a new day with nothing as meaningful family—at least it won't if Miami loses its capacity to make dreams, all sorts of crazy dreams, come true.

Computer screens without dreams would have corresponded to many of the newcomers they've heard about. They spoke French; they'd arrived thinking Miami was a land of opportunity—but they weren't. History.

In fact, Miami's De Roshfort is a French court, and he and the courtiers were giving me a progress report over lunch at the golf club in Key Biscayne on how his particular management firm was doing.

"We've got the French in Germany," French De Roshfort said. "The De Roshforts are referring to his international advertising firm, that Miami is headquarters for two reasons. It's so centrally located, and so we live it."

De Roshfort's office is in Key Biscayne, but he's driving around in his Bentley, and he's been told about one of their offices in Key Biscayne. "Here we do with computers and word processors at a day what it takes in a couple of weeks and a number of thousands to do in Europe," De Roshfort says. "I'll tell you how you're at the airport, but you know how it works in Caracas or Rio. The main difference between Miami and Paris is that things move so much faster here."

Like so many Miamians, the De Roshforts haven't just furnished an office, they have acquired a decorated, all-high-tech white and shiny chrome and glass. It looked like a combination of Star Wars and the Breakaway in Paris.

De Roshfort showed us the pride of his office, a new modern modern modern house. The thing was as hard to describe as Miami. It was aluminum glitz and less glitz—that is, to say, both scratchy and shiny, stylish and basic at the same time. The center part was circular and bright, like the sun. But the rest of the house was a number of unlovely shapes. The court started the sculpture speaking and, once it was speaking, quickly shut back.

"What I like about it is no such," explained De Roshfort. "As we switched it further. However, I'll tell you how you're at the airport, but you know how it works in Caracas or Rio. The main difference between Miami and Paris is that things move so much faster here."

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# Robert Mitchum Gives a Rare Interview

On second thought, make that interview raw



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And that, says Robert Mitchum matter-of-factly, is why he stayed an actor. Robert Mitchum tells stories. Little ones. Big ones. Whoppers. He is like Scheherazade telling tales, keeping her life—

not because it is threatened but because it may be revealed. Each tale is carefully selected to divert the curious outsider. For Mitchum, they are cautionary for anyone to anything he has put up there on the screen.

"I haven't seen a movie in ten years," he says, "except *Star Wars*." We are sitting in a sparsely decorated suite of rooms at Dorridge Studios in Los Angeles, where Mitchum's latest film, *That Darn Cat*, is being shot. It is the third movie that Mitchum will have knocked off in less than two years. (He starred in CBS's *One Step Beyond* in 1991 and he heads up the cast of ABC's new miniseries *The Winds of War*, which is set to air in February.)

He is finished for the day and is planning on some photos taken two weeks ago at a party for his 50th birthday. Everyone in the picture is whooping it up as a Strip-O-Gram stripper delivers her Easter Bunny to a New York-based reporter for *Time* magazine. This is his first article for *Esquire*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK

*Robert Mitchum on the MGM lot in Hollywood*

by Barry Rehfeld

## Mitchum claims to have avoided image conjuring. "I am not a heavy. I don't care what I play. I'll play Polish faggots, women, anything."

message makes from Mitchum's house. Everyone, except Mitchum, that is. As the bawling we face assigned to another, the expression on the actor's face, both in the photos and at the movie, is the same: pre-judged indifference.

Will he see *The Championship Season*? "There's nothing in the factor" contract that says I have to," he says, laughing. Mitchum always says he's a comedian. He settles back down slowly before taking a swing from a carton of milk, then gets up and heads for the door.

"Let something good to eat," he says. That is Mitchum's way of consenting to meet again tomorrow at the studio. Instead, because he gets a day off, our next encounter takes place at his home in the hills above Santa Barbara. His wife of forty-two years, Dorothy, meets me at the door. A tall, trim, attractive woman, she politely turns me over to Mitchum, who is standing in the living room. The Great Stage Face is removed. He leads me into his den. Like the rest of the two-bedroom house, the room is cool and comfortable. In the corner there is a compact but well-appointed bar, with a half-gallon of milk occupying center stage. One gets the feeling this Mitchum could hold up here for weeks.

He leans back on the couch, with his hands behind his head, thinking God knows what. The image he attracts here is not an ill-tempered one but a relaxed one. "You see, you are in a wrong case, lying like and on his own. There is no PR team managing interview for him as they do, as did, just his pals Frank Sinatra and the late John Wayne.

I'm not as visible as Frank. He has an imagination. So did Duke Wayne. Duke was our hero, but he was four-inch bits and a ten-puller bit. He had a station wagon modified to fit all that paraphernalia. He even had the overhauled raised on his house so that he could walk through the driveway with his bits on. And he was bigger than them all.

"I was with him one time and he was crying" everybody out. "You couldn't see him," Duke was saying. Then he turns to

me and says, "Come on. So we walk into his office, he pours out a drink and says, 'You gotta keep 'em under control.'"

Mitchum leans over conspiratorially, watching out the last two words.

"That's what he said to me," Mitchum shrugs. "It was his business."

Mitchum claims to have avoided such image conjuring. At least at the moment.

"I was unadaptable," he says. "I am not a leading man. I am not a heavy. I enjoy playing heavies, and I can be a most convincing heavy, but really, I just have a human voice, that's all."

He has a point. Two years after playing the villain in that first not opera in 1943, he won an Academy Award nomination as the heroic Lieutenant Walker in *The Story of G.I. Joe*. He played the indomitable forward driver in *The Swimming Pool* (1956) as convincingly as he played the cynical Philip Marlowe in *Fireball, My Lovely* (1955). In *The Night of the Hunter* (1958), he gave what may have been his most complex performance, playing the perambulating preacher with the word like tarred on the forehead of his left hand and live on the right—a preacher who murders his wife, played by Shelley Winters.

"Best thing that ever happened to her," Mitchum says. Zip. That's it for his role, my role, even the one he is shooting now in *Sweeney*, which is a very departure from anything he has done in the past. Mitchum plays a former high-school basketball coach from Pennsylvania—a narrow-minded, over-bagged, man—who is trying to unite his old classmate's best friend. It is not a sympathetic character.

"I don't care what I play. I'll play Polish faggots, women, anything. Any role," he says.

"Role" He repeats the word, trying for a few minutes. "Sweeney" like that's not a role. It's the cowboys they talk about the shoot. Oh, well," he says affectionately. "We had a nervous shoot. You've got to read the obstacles to take off if there are any actors left who don't talk like that, about the role in the shoot. I say the role comes with the coffee. I figure I'm playing a part, or doing a job. That I understand. Like a plumber. I'm a good plumber. I show up on time, bring my tools so I don't have to make two trips, say the jokes, punch out, and go home."

That kind of attitude may be evident in some of the drinks he's been in, pictures like, recently, *Melvin and Howard* and *The American*. But the number of loose pictures he

has made is nothing compared with the great ones he has turned down. A partial list he makes includes *Get Back*, *The Mafia*, and *Pelton*, in which he had the chance, in his words, to "stretch a curtain" over his face. Under contract to RKO in the Forties and Fifties, he could not be so discouraged by the studio from opening on Broadway as Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

I want to the studio with the *Shower* offer and they said, 'Holy Look. Every time we make a deal with someone, it comes with another script we've got to buy for fifty grand, so we have a whole drawer full of scripts. Every studio has a horse-shit selection. Paramount has Alan Ladd. Warner has Bogart. You want more money, let's go. But you're our horse-shit selection.'" Normal answer: He likes the way it sounds.

Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, of European, Irish, and American Indian (Shoshone) blood, Robert Charles Howard Mitchum hit the road when he was thirteen, and by the time he became a film star, the six-foot-one, barrel-chested thirty-eight-year-old "hugger's dream," as he put it, had been a no-mind-bingo, a pioneer in a Georgia play that he was in, had been for vagrancy, a standstill, a look-alike-mustache, a soldier, a gang-leader, a professional boxer, and a soldier. General Robert's ghostwriter, Washington across the country, he met characters. One of them was the wife of his Lockheed co-worker Jim Douglas. Her name was Norma Jean to those who met her at company parties during World War II. Marilyn Monroe to those who met her years later.

She was already a star when she made *Rose of the South Sea* with Mitchum. But around Mitchum's crew she could have been *Rose of the Riviera*.

"One time," says Mitchum, "my stand-in went up to her and said, 'Hey, blonde, let's have a round robin this afternoon.' 'What's that?' she says. 'Well, what about my friend and me giving you a little love?' She said, 'Both at the same time?' He says, 'Why not?' 'Why,' she said, 'that would kill me.' He said, 'Well, I never heard of anybody dying of it yet.' She said, 'Oh, but they do. Only that's not what's put in the papers: they call it natural causes.'"

Monroe was plump, but Mitchum isn't so sure his stand-in was. After *Of No Account* had been his first movie for another studio (20th Century-Fox since his contract with RKO expired). He spent two years in contract to Howard Hughes's studio as an arrangement that more or less satisfied him, occasionally he believed, however, as he did when he was offered the lead in Columbia's big picture *From Here to Eternity*.

"I had met Harry Gray [the late Columbia Pictures mogul] once after a dinner and I had said to him, 'You don't seem like such

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a jerk to me," Cobu said. "Well, let you work for me." So they went. Columbia came buzzing around about *Elmore*, we had secret meetings, and I put a petition to RSD. I called Howard [Hedges] and he said, "Sweet Christ, Bob, that's better done by these people up the street, isn't it? All those Jews. You don't want to be associated with these people, Bob. They're terrible people." So later I walked into Rasmussen's for lunch and Harry Green is sitting there. He calls me chicken and I tell him, "I tried. He says, 'Bullshit, you tried.'"

It's another prickly guy, like from *Mitchum*, he draws it with practiced off-handedness, dropping the act, it seems, with a sidelong glance that is at once condescending and generous. But his wide canon in and around him that it is time for lunch. Twice before she has come in. One gets the feeling she is checking to see if anything has happened.

Lunch sounds like an good—or bad—idea as we go to Mitchum. We drive down to a local Mexican restaurant in Mitchum's Perchito. Seated, Mitchum analyzes a comedy woman passing by our table.

"She's got a pretty big canteen. Make a great hoop skirt," he explains. "Like a colony..." Partridge, still, she has a rather comical look to her.

Mitchum ruminates before deciding whether this is good or bad. "Depends upon your taste, doesn't it? Well, there's nothing but sharp bananas on her, like a corned. Imagine that's good. Doesn't to find a lot of fun around the Turks and the Russians. But it's not for me, particularly."

We order. Mitchum has an omelet and a couple of margaritas. When he returns from lunch, he looks thoughtful and deadly. I ask how he has managed to hold on to the heads when most of his contemporaries are doing cocaine.

"I work cheap," he says. (Hardly, except perhaps compared with Martin Bando, the biggest one on the West Coast, and in an interview last December he gave a quarter and paid a certain percentage of the film's take.) "And I work quick. I don't waste a lot of time commencing behind a blackboard over four hours to put myself ready for it."

Mitchum's answers. The game is a little bit to him now and then. Mitchum is playing to the cheapskates, even though at the moment I am the only one in there. This appears to be his way of keeping control of how the public perceives him. It's a game that seems to require his most vigilant attention.

"You seen four hundred flicks lined and feel trying to make something out of you, to design something out of you dough," he says, when suddenly his hands fly apart like a surprised because he's nervous.

"It's to help it. I tell you. Look, if you don't mind, I'd rather sit around and pick the fat off my dick and contemplate 'I mean, ultimately I'm committed to death. We came out to Hollywood on a Greyhound

bus, and I'm sure, like Dorothy says, we'll be on that bus again, this time headed back east, where the land is cheaper."

He is amazed at the end of his speech, but his calm tells just a moment. As if inspired by a thought, he shifts gears, launching an attack on the whole business of public relations.

"I told it that fat," he says. "One reporter grabbed it down, four pooms it up, and the next one comes along and eats that and on and on."

"I remember doing *The Grand Heat* Show in New York. He noticed what I did in the military, and I and I was in the better police. He said, 'The what? I told I was with the special operations. He said, 'The what? I told I was a poop scooper. And the audience was screaming. First didn't know. He's English. So I said, 'If you can't resist me in a demonstration, I'd be happy to display it for you. We used to line up and line up for a day, and I'll tell you, deep their jeans, bend over, and spread their cheeks.' " Duty calling, Mitchum sits his head to inspect an imaginary subject, Private Mosier. "Ooo, what are you trying to do? Struggle that bunch of grapes out of the Ass?"

"First was spontaneous," Mitchum says triumphantly, then sympathetically adds, "What could he do? I was the name on the show and he had to deal with me for ninety minutes."

Mitchum rarely makes himself available to the press. When he does, it is usually in and out, like with Frost, but then he has taken a few headlines himself. When he was arrested, tried, and jailed in 1946 following a marijuana bust, the news made national headlines.

"There was never a case, but made me the hope of the century. What the hell, if they put out a headline that says SCOWMERE SINGS, nobody's going to buy the paper. If they say SCOWMERE SINGS, okay, they buy it. I didn't know that."

There is even less news in MITCHUM DON'T SICK AFTER ALL, as was proved three years later when the conviction was expunged from the record and the story read no more than a tip in the papers.

That wasn't the end of it. Not long after, a gossip magazine called *Confidential* concocted a story about Mitchum showing up at a party back naked claiming that he was a hangover, with the headline on page 11. For that reason, *Confidential's* publisher might have wished he had gotten off as well as Frost.

because Mitchum used, recognizing other analog actors to take the same path, and together they learned the sheet.

But Hollywood in Hollywood, the land of images, which says, if not nurtured from now to time, but always. In this way he is sitting here answering my questions?

Mitchum takes a drag from a cigarette as he takes the tequila in his glass. He takes a sip, puts the glass back down on the glass-topped coffee table as subtly I don't hear a sound.

"Well, they've had of got me in a corner," he says without looking at me, "because both *Winds of War* and then show back it's important."

"It's important to show," his arm fly up as he says again. "I haven't got a damn thing to do with me! I takes up my time and the only thing I'm working for is in time off. But you do it for her [Seuss's] publicity! because she has a job to do. He pauses, then Seuss's his wife is in. "Like Seussman said, 'It's a my job.'"

There is a pause. I change the subject, then, a while later, he returns to it.

"We had a bunch of us that were going to go to Israel and wear big bottoms saying a new act, one here that got across."

There is yet another well-timed pause, another change of subject, and then he comes in for what appears to be the kill. "How do you say 'Trust me' in Jewish?" he asks. His answer: "Fuck you."

But that's not the full, only the prelude.

This has become interview-as-harassment. He tells me of returning from a tour of Vietnam with the troops. "I was sitting next to Bobby Kennedy at Rock Hudson's house, at all people. I don't know how I got there. I asked Kennedy why the people are being murdered. He put up and walked away. And I'm saying, 'You chicken-shit first bastard.' I was done. I walked over with a colonel, a fighter pilot, up in F4s or something like that, and the colonel said it could be all over in three days. You go up and blow away the damn boys. And everything would be swept out to sea. The colonel told me,

and the story read no more than a tip in the papers.

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"I think it's time for the United States to stop trying to win an international popularity contest and of morality is indicated, cut." I couldn't argue with him. You have a referendum, you remove it or else the flesh around it withers."

I ask about the moral principles.  
"You can design a moral principle for rape if you're so inclined."

As Hitler did?

"Hitler needed to exterminate."

And the slaughter of six million Jews?

"So the Jews say."

So the Jews say?

"I don't know. People dispute that."

I press for an explanation, but he does not reply directly, even though I know that he has seen gas chambers sites while filming in Europe. Instead, he spins out into another side-gossip tale set on location. This time the movie is *Ryan's Daughter*, shooting in Dingle, Ireland. It is 1899, and in the real world the war in Bosnia is going to a close.

"I was in Dingle when this Irish girl I had just before came to visit me. He was now the chaplain of the Nigerian army, and I told him they were beginning to use the word *genocide* in the Western press, and the priest said, 'Oh, it is genocide, pure and simple.' Yes." And I asked why they were doing it like said, "It's their turn."

Mitchum relates the tale coolly, unapologetic, refusing to assign blame—

not to this chaplain or to Kichuan or to Mitchum's acquaintance Sir Justin. (Name? Mitchum says the Ugandan is 1964 when he was in Africa filming *African Moon*.)

"He came into the room, embraced me, with his mouth clinking and all," Mitchum remembers. "The fact is, Sir Justin was certainly a murderer, a brutal tyrant, but he was a victim of the bug. That's all, really. He thought he was fine."

Mitchum proceeds along but then seems to settle down. Perhaps his comments might be considered as a trifle insensitive. Later he tells a "compendious" story.

"When I was shot in Philadelphia, I had to go over and light the Sabbath candles. I was the only golden-pointe. If they screwed up after midnight, something like that. PG got to Mitchell's house. He told a radio anchor who'd read from the Old Testament about the angels giving on the sinners who were circling Jacob's Ladder."

That takes care of the Jews. And the blacks? He reacts indignantly. "My family, being past ladies, were niggers. I grew up with it—, niggers all my life."

An interesting side note that reminds me that he wrote an extensive for Jewish refugees that was produced at the Hollywood Bowl by Orson Welles in 1939. He also carried two critically acclaimed documentaries, one on drug abuse and the other on schoolbuses. ("He is a poet who won't share his poetry," wrote Deborah

Knox, his friend and costar in these movies, a biographer.)

At all that he changes. He says he cannot even remember the discussions, and I wonder aloud why he goes on this way.

"I choose not to say why I said it, why I did it," he says by way of explanation. "It's not a matter of absolute conviction. Sometimes I just on myself a little, but I do as well as I can most of the time. I think if I do anything, it will be of embarrassment."

Maybe he is preparing himself for that date night now. He launches into one more story about his old friend and Santa Barbara neighbor Ronald Reagan.

"I used to go to dinner on occasion with Renee. What he was a great friend of Bob Taylor's," Mitchum says. "And it was always like we were being murdered by an eagle scout. He didn't want to tell the bad joke. You always felt a little constricted with Dutch, at least I did."

"I am really for him, as a friend. I don't know what his policy is. I don't vote, because when I was in Europe I heard people tell me who was going to be the next President, the next this, the next that, and they were right every single time. So it doesn't make a difference. The international cartel of business is going to tell you how you're going to be spoken to for the next four years. I'll guarantee Dutch Reagan tries, but he hasn't got a prayer of having any political influence."

Mitchum folds his arms about, striking the air with his finger and pointing the tale for emphasis. Then he tells me it is my job to get the story about the international conspiracy. "Check it out," I laugh a little, but Mitchum isn't in a challenge.

"Why don't you say that—if you want to do it. It might put your savings together then you drink. Really. And you'll find the books that even the publications through which you speak suck up about. You'll find out how powerful the cartel is."

Mitchum continues reluctantly. He asks me if I know about Ralph Hunter Strassburger. That I don't is appalling to him. He takes a drink. Strassburger, dead now, was a rich Pennsylvania newspaper publisher who married a Singer sewing machine heiress.

"Anytime you talked about anything in Pennsylvania he owned it; he had thousands of acres of land in Swedia, and he wanted my wife and me to spend the summer there. I said, 'How did you come by all that?' He said, 'I was a simple Pennsylvania farm boy and my inheritance.' 'Don't give me my inheritance crap,' I said, 'You own it here. All those acres. All the crops that you growed for them.' So now I read *A Man Called Havel* and it says that the two greatest contributors to Hitler were Henry Ford and Ralph Hunter Strassburger, and it was Strassburger who was the one who told me who was gonna be the next

President."

Mitchum leans back on the couch, looking satisfied with himself. Like he's thinking it is just too bad the rest of the country doesn't know how bad things are. Actually, so it turns out. Strassburger's land was in Fresno, not Swedia; he and Ford couldn't castle he called *conspirators* to Hitler; it wasn't Henry Ford anyway, it was Edsel; and Strassburger wasn't even Jewish. But for my part I can only wonder: What the hell was that all about?

It is approaching evening now, and I am relieved to see Mrs. Mitchum cross into the room.

"I hate to be the heavy," she says, "but I'll have to throw you out now."

She stays only a minute. Mitchum keeps on talking, and so we stumble forward. He rambles on about the CIA, Southeast Asia, his friend the ship, and Strassburger. Mrs. Mitchum returns shortly and I get up to leave. She tells him to stop talking, but he doesn't. He is speaking about Vietnam when suddenly he explodes, accusing me of being hostile.

"I'm going to go in Monday morning and demand that she [Susan's publicist again] be fired. Otherwise I won't work. Because I want a clarification of these positions." He is asking the what I am going to write. I tell him that I do not know what I am going to write. He doesn't believe me. "I know. They always choose the stran-

gest staff. Me saying, 'Miss Schwartz calls.' You know?"

"I guess back and forth like this for a few minutes. I tell him I'm not going to read him to the cross. He starts, pouring up the latter account."

"Well, you can't go on all night," says Mrs. Mitchum.

Mitchum's anger subsides. "I'm not the best interview in the world," he says.

Mrs. Mitchum wants to know how I intend to get back to Los Angeles. She is concerned about traffic. Mrs. Mitchum and I leave the room. Mitchum follows slowly—he has a bad back—and he is headed for a tropical rumour. He grab his hand and shake it goodbye. His mood seems elsewhere. Mrs. Mitchum wants me to the door. She asks if I want a milk drink or anything before I go. I decline.

"It's a relief to be outside now. I get a the car and am about to shift into forward when the door flies open."

I cannot imagine how he has slipped up on me or gotten to my car so quickly, but there is Mitchum holding the door open. There is a gleam in Mitchum's eye that could go either way. The preacher's love? Hate? But then, when his gleam broadens, I finally notice what is in his other hand, a Diet Soften and enough paper towels to mop up a kitchen floor.

"It's a long ride back," he says. "You might want a drink." ☐



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ESQUIRE EYE

# When Men Think Big

by John Tierney

*John Tierney's last piece for  
Esquire was "The Aging Body,"  
which appeared in May 1993.*

Illustrations by Julian Allen

## MACROENGINEERS.

They are men of vision.  
They'd move mountains,  
change the course of  
rivers, link continents.  
If only someone would  
let them

FRANK DAVIDSON IS UNFORGEABLE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT SMALL IS BORING. HE HAS NOTHING AGAINST IT, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT HE PREFERS TO DISCUSS BRIDGES THAT CAN LINK CONTINENTS, AND SUBWAYS THAT CAN CROSS THEM. PALSING IN AN OFFICE AT THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, A REFURBISHED ROOM IN A CONVERTED WAREHOUSE OVERLOOKING THE NACCIO CANDY FACTORY, HE SPEAKS WITH A BUMPLED, PROFESSIONAL, EGGY AND AN OCCASIONAL FEY SMILE TO LET YOU KNOW HE IS IN COMMAND OF HIS SENSES, EXPLAINING HIMSELF BY POINTING TO A MAP NEXT TO HIS DESK. IT'S AN ORDINARY MAP OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT, BUT TO DAVIDSON IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A ROUGH DRAFT.

"Here's the route for the trans-Australian canal," he says, tracing his finger over seven hundred miles of mountains and deserts that he'd like to plow through. The canal is an experiment he's never tried to build, he can't move what he can't see. From the size of the canal, Davidson's finger moves east, quickly showing where he'd put the Madagascar-Mauritius bridge and the next Panama Canal, then north to Canada's James Bay, whose waters he would like to see transported to Arizona and New Mexico. This would be done by turning the Great Lakes into a reservoir. "It's one of the great opportunities for the United States," he says.

Opening a battered old folder, he shows a more modest proposal, a plan to turn four blocks of Manhattan into a public bath. This one is his sentimental favorite. It was the last project designed by his father, who was in charge of New York's utilities during the 1930s. After signing papers to start the building of what is still the world's longest tunnel—the aqueduct carrying water from the Delaware River to New York—the elder Davidson decided that the nation's veterans deserved a memorial called the Hall of Health. "Dad died before he could get it done," says

Davidson, holding up an architect's rendering of a huge pool. "We wanted to bring the famous bathing waters of the world into this. This is all waters, of course. The mountains are just natural features projected on the walls. I don't want to give the sense of being in a valley."

**T**here are many words for what like Frank Davidson and his disciples. "Macroeconomics," a term that he coined fifteen years ago in an effort to confer academic legitimacy on his endeavors. What bothered him then, and what bothers him even more today, is the lack of he gets when he starts talking about his plans for the world. He can't understand why thinking big, that venerable American tradition, now seems so outlandish to policy makers convinced that the era of leviathans is over. In the decade since he wrote his second essay, "Macro-Engineering: A Capability in Search of a Methodology," Davidson has been delivering lectures and convening symposia to prove the worth of macroprojects. But society, for its part, hasn't been listening. It's been too busy critiquing the space program, too busy extolling "intermediate technology." All through history, he explains in his lectures, macroengineering was as honorable a calling as any. For instance, the architect of the Great Pyramid was once granted to godhood. In the sixteenth century, when America unleashed its engineers to build the transcontinental railroad, Robert Louis Stevenson was moved to write, "It is a miracle, if it be constant, it'll be better: we must not stop to try to this." Today we require environmental impact statements.

The first book that Davidson assigns in his macroengineering classes at MIT is E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*, and not just so that students can take their own. Davidson advises the book. It is, after all, a pleasant vision, a world free of conglomerates, centralized bureaucracies, massive industries with massive pollution. "Schumacher is obviously right—we have to use technology on an appropriate scale," says Davidson. "Some of the macroengineers' record are enlightening. Did you know there are some calculations showing that if the Russians carry out their plans to enclose Siberia next, the earth will stabilize in its axis? Now that's what you call an environmental impact. But it's naive to think that macroengineering of itself damages the environment. From a personal point of view, most of us like things that are small, and there's a place for that. But some things have to be big. Do you want to build a railroad ten miles long?" This sort of argument has been persuasive to some builders abroad. England and France have planned a tunnel beneath the English Channel, an old idea that has revived largely through Davidson's ef-

forts. Engineers are building massive hydroelectric projects in China, a thirty-three-mile tunnel in Japan, a six-mile network of dams in Hokkaido, a genetically limited test facility in Germany, and entire new cities in Saudi Arabia and Nigeria. Just in the United States—well, there are a few pork-barrel projects like the Clinch River Breeder Reactor and the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway, and plenty of expensive signs for the Pentagon. However, except for the space shuttle (which has practically bankrupted NASA), there's just about nothing in danger of being treasured by our grandchildren. Which is sad.

**T**he problems lie partly with democracy. In the absence of pharaohs, looking for the ages has always been a difficult proposition. Construction of the Pyramids dragged on for nearly fifty years until Ptolemy usurped power and appropriated the Ptolemaic League's military-defense funds for the project. When Alexander Goussave Eiffel proposed his tower, there were levitations against the city for "obstruction of aesthetics" and a petition signed by, among others, Guy de Maupassant. "Does the City of Paris intend to be associated any longer with the baroque and commercial ideas of a machine builder, which can only lead to irreparable ugliness and disgrace?" the petition said. "For there is no doubt that the Eiffel Tower, which even America would refuse to have, is the disgrace of Paris." Yet in spite of all the political squabbling the Eiffel Tower and the Pyramids got built; their were leaders then with a quality that Davidson thinks is missing today. He calls it the coup d'oeil, the quick eye, the ability to look at something and instantly see the big picture. The phrase was often used in describing Napoleon, who could map out a strategy immediately after arriving at a battle scene, but even Napoleon's was a rather limited talent. "To really understand the coup d'oeil, you should know about Herman Stieglitz."

Stieglitz was a famous engineer who published a paper in 1929 called "Reflections of the Middle Ages." He began by noting that the Mediterranean Sea is, as we know it, a relatively recent phenomenon, that fifty thousand years ago it was three thousand feet shallower and barely half its current size. Stieglitz proposed to overturn the original ecological balance with four dams, the largest of which would be eighteen miles long and more than 1,680 feet wide. It would span the Straits of Gibraltar. By thus perverting the Atlantic Ocean from replenishing the Mediterranean, engineers could lower the level of the Mediterranean by three hundred feet and build enormous hydroelectric plants between Spain and Morocco. Europe and Africa would potentially channel square miles of land in the old, quiet of the northern end of the Atlantic Sea would dampen, and

Comica and Florida would come together to one island. Critics pointed out that all the sea-level caused by such a project might not justify the plan's expense, but the fact that Stieglitz's major ports would be left sitting miles from the ocean, but Stieglitz was not deterred. The ocean could a further benefit of the plan: the Gibraltar dam, he said, would change the course of the Gulf Stream, causing it to flow into the English Channel and thereby rid England of its miserably cold weather.

Stieglitz is something of an environmentalist to modern macroengineers. He was an pragmatist. Another of his schemes called for turning most of what is now Chad and Niger into an inland sea, a project that would, evidently, flood the homes of two million Africans. "Since the move would certainly better their living conditions," wrote an admiring observer in *América*, "it is unlikely that they would object." Stieglitz embodied the cultured ignorance, the casual willingness to disrupt lives, that made people mistrust macroengineers thousands of years before the word was invented. Indeed, history's second macroengineer (the first was his great-grandfather Noah), was described by Flavius Josephus as a man who "inspired in systematic power" by carrying out his cherished project, the Tower of Babel. There have been macrobuilders a year since—one thinks of Charlemagne's attempt to connect the Rhine and the Danube, or Khorasman's attempt to turn Siberia into farmland—and even the successful projects have exacted terrible costs. How many prisoners died to satisfy the egos of the men who designed the Pyramids, the Russian roads, and the Great Wall of China?

**S**till, it is hard not to admire men like Stieglitz, hard not to see the people who can look at, say, Gibraltar and see a chance for one of Maccabean labors. The emperor Ch'in may have been an egotist who buried workers inside his Great Wall, but he did leave a work that protected China for two millennia and still sees the world. It was the only man-made feature on Earth that could be seen from the moon, so odd but that was repeatedly noted by Western writers. Big men compete.

The trouble with Schumacher and his disciples is that by denying this impulse, they are, in important ways, arrogant as Stieglitz. Schumacher admitted that it would be impossible to use small-scale technology to make something as complex as an airplane, but he dismissed the airplane as being not "truly worthwhile." Expressing his own reductionist conceits that it is safe to have electricity and running water, but they exclude Frank Davidson's aqueducts in favor of the self-sufficient huts of the future with a windmill for electricity, solar panels for heat, and a composting toilet to turn waste



**The Floating City**





**The Illinois**

into fertilizer. Aside from the practical problems with this vision—persuading Americans to spend their weekends cleaning the solar panels and emptying the tank!—the plan presents a certain aesthetic dilemma as well. When Jean Jacques Rousseau came upon a Roman aqueduct, he was so overcome by the sense "of my own littleness" that he said to himself, "Oh! That I had been born a Roman!" What will they say in two thousand years when they come across a composite toilet?

We can't be afraid to be grand! Even the most cautious macroproject—the moon landing, for instance—can elevate the soul. It can unify a people, managing patriotic passions without killing foreigners. It can offer the kind of hope depicted by the nineteenth-century artist Thomas Cole in his famous and horribly sentimental series of paintings called *The Voyage of Life*. The second painting, *Peak*, shows an enterprising adolescent, accompanied by a bushy guardian spirit, sailing into a verdant, lush valley that up in the sky is a building resembling the Taj Mahal, except that (because Cole is American, after all) it is much larger, roughly the size of two mountains. Cole described the building as "a cloudy pile of architecture." And for those who crossed the post, he gladly explained, "The gorgeous cloud-built palace whose glorious domes seem yet not half revealed to the eye," he wrote, "...is emblematic of the splendors of Youth, its aspirations after glory and fame." All in the true overengineeringing spirit. Of course today no aspiring youth would be content deciphering about a mere palace. There is bigger work to be done.

## Some Modest Proposals

### THE FLOATING CITY

When John Craven unveiled his plans for a floating city, he no members, a "situated a great deal of interest and amusement in this country, and a great deal of interest and action in Japan." In fact, the Japanese constructed a model of Craven's city (using an offshore oil platform), which they displayed at an Osaka fair. Still, Aquapolis, as the city is called, is a long way from the real thing, which would be mounted on a floating platform anchored to a mooring near a coastline.

Craven, professor of ocean engineering at the University of Illinois, got the idea for his floating city from Neolithic lake societies, whose populations built settlements on piles in the middle of a lake, gradually placing the common areas in the middle and the individual houses at the periphery so that the view would be out



## The Asteroid Retriever

toward an unobstructed shoreline. Craven's plan calls for apartment buildings on the outskirts of his circular floating city, with offices and entertainment areas on the inside. And his idea is that the whole thing would rotate slowly so that the view from your living room wouldn't get stale.

"The floating city model leaves little doubt of grace and beauty," wrote Craven in 1860. "No structure above the surface is more than eight acres tall, nor need a be, for the bulk of the usable volume is located below the surface. The total design,

though big, is beautiful, it is functionally complete, a concept of land and sea, a thing of beauty and a joy forever." And he insists that it won't sink.

### MINING ASTEROIDS

But O'Leary works on the assumption that we will soon overcome our timidity—"our geocentric hang up," he calls it—and start to put factories and colonies in outer space. Anticipating that time, he's already

figured out where we're going to get the building materials from asteroids.

O'Leary, a senior scientist at Science Applications Inc. and a former Apollo astronaut, has worked out the details in several papers, including one called "Mass Driver Retrieval of Earth-Approaching Asteroids." The mass driver he refers to is a long tube with magnetic coils that accelerate the speed of objects going through it; the driver directly costs, although not at the scale that O'Leary has estimated. His idea is to attach solar-powered, two-hundred-yard-

long versions of the drive to a million-ton material and short runs on one rail to fifteen thousand miles per hour. The force of the rocks, like that of railroad train or rocket engines, could move the material in a specific direction at the rate of propulsion.

Several years later, when the asteroid went into orbit around Earth, the mining of water, carbon, and metals from the asteroid could begin. We could retrieve our first asteroid water in a day. (Many estimates, with a total development cost close to \$20 billion.

## PLANETARIAN

In 2001 Robert Suter was spending his days at Lockheed trying to design a three-thousand-mile-an-hour plane. But one night he was contemplating his chief problem, air resistance, it occurred to him that there was no reason machines had to go through the air to achieve great speed. Why not a vacuum tube airplane? he asked himself. Why not a super sonic subway?

Today Suter has diagrams of a train that could travel from New York to Los Angeles in a twenty-one minute. Electromagnetic forces would levitate the train, suspending it mid-air in a tunnel as deep as a mile underground, and propel it forward at fifteen thousand miles per hour. That's what the machine would be capable of, but because Suter suspects that passengers' stomachs might not be able to take the acceleration, he's planning on speeds of six thousand miles per hour instead, adding thirty-three minutes to the transcontinental trip. He envisions a system going through Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, with a few local Planetarians connecting to places like Milwaukee and San Antonio. Externally he'd like to extend the system under the Bering Strait and around the world.

"That's not unlike the plan for the space program were twenty-five years ago," says Suter, now at the Intel Corporation think tank in California. "When we started building satellites, we didn't even know if the golden rules would work. All the technology for Planetarian is already here." The money, however, is not. Suter estimates that the system would cost \$250 billion. Still, Suter says the system could pay for itself with business potential fares of about fifty dollars.

## THE GRAND CANAL

Thomas Kerrans figures that he has spent seventy-five thousand dollars and devoted seven hundred hours trying to sell Canada what would be the largest irrigation project in history. "I wrote up the idea about twenty years ago, when there was a big water shortage because of low levels in the Great Lakes," says Kerrans, a mining

engineer who is headquartered in director of the Alexander Graham Bell Institute in Bonn, Scotland. "At that time I was prospecting in northern Ontario for minerals, and that meant traveling around in a canoe most of the time. It suddenly dawned on me that while I was looking for minerals the most valuable one of all was keeping my canoe afloat." The problem, as he saw it, was distribution. Huge amounts of drift water were pouring into the James and Hudson bays, when they passed with salt water from the Arctic Ocean. Kerrans thought it was time to get the water to use.

His scheme calls for a one-hundred-mile-long dike across the mouth of James Bay to accrete the Hudson and James bays and create a huge freshwater lake. The lake's water could then be transported 300 miles to the Great Lakes, which would be kept at a constant level, serving as a giant reservoir for the entire continent. In the process, water would be diverted off various glaciers and sent through existing rivers and thousands of miles of new canals. By using the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers as conduits and building tunnels through the Rockies, Mexico and the southwestern United States could draw from the Great Lakes. Deserts would bloom.

Kerrans calls it the Great Recycling and Northern Development (GRAND) canal concept and guesses that it could cost \$300 billion. He cites enormous benefits: an end to floods in the Mississippi Valley; an elimination of drinking-water shortages, and perhaps as much as a tenfold increase in the value of land that would be converted from desert to farm. "The real resistance to this plan," he says, "comes from Canadians. They don't see why we should give our water to the United States."

## ACROSS THE STRAIT

A bridge across the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar would have to be not only long, span water shallows deep, tower high enough to permit the world's biggest ships to pass underneath, and withstand winds of five knots and waves of one-hundred miles per hour. All of which explains why no one has ever tried to build one.

But two brothers from California and Pennsylvania insist that it can be done. Willard and Marshall Beamon, both consultants in marine engineering, have designed a bridge supported by the water itself. In their plan, each of the bridge's 450-foot-high towers is held up by an underwater aluminum pier. The pier is hollow, and therefore buoyant, so it floats 100 feet below the surface in place of a long steel cables anchored to the seabed. On top of the pier are three thirty-foot-wide cylinders that rise out of the water and form the tower's triangular base.

"From an engineering standpoint, there's no question that the bridge is

sound," says Willard Beamon. But Beamon, trained for a marine engineer, is not pushing his project to be built. "I can't see a real justification for it yet," he says. "There isn't much traffic there, and it's easily handled with two ferries now."

Other engineers, however, are convinced that some link will be built this century, and they've conducted preliminary studies of various other schemes—a causeway, a very deep tunnel, a conventional bridge, even a highway suspended underwater inside a buoyant tube and tied to the seabed. This type of underwater tube particularly appeals to Joseph DeBorne, although for a different purpose. DeBorne, an engineer at the University of Ottawa, has his own transatlantic idea: he proposes to irrigate northern Africa by piping water in from France's Rhône River. The water would travel the five-hundred-mile distance through a 250-foot-wide culley aqueduct anchored in the floor of the Mediterranean.

## A MILE HIGH

Frank Lloyd Wright didn't like skyscrapers. He considered them inefficient, a wasteful expenditure, a way to increase profit by crowding more people into less space. But in 1956, when Chicago mayor Richard J. Daley declared a Frank Lloyd Wright Day and arranged a memorial dinner, the architect decided to show what could be done with a tall building. He designed The Kinetic, a mile-high steel-and-concrete structure with 540 floors for up to 530,000 people. Explaining the engineering details, he declared, "All the wind down, the building will be centers more permanent than the Pyramids."

Architects today say that he was probably right about the building's strength but that the elevator system he designed for fifty-one cars couldn't possibly accommodate so many people. Inspired by this problem, Gherini Boadoin, an engineer with the Duxelle Memorial Institute in Geneva, Switzerland, in the late 1980s designed a "continuous vertical transporter." It is which several independently operated cars could rise in one shaft, switching over to another shaft for the trip down. He says the system could move enough passengers to equal the Illinois transit.

"I'm convinced that the building will eventually be realized in one form or another," says William Wesley Peters, an architect who helped Wright design The Kinetic. "At the time it was proposed, it was regarded as just a dream, which I suppose it was. But it was a magnificent dream. That was great to be different from other skyscrapers because it would be built in a large open area so that the inhabitants would all get light and unobstructed views. Mr. Wright wanted to show that a tall building could make life better and richer, that it could be tall and not boring."



**The Gibraltar Bridge**

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# How Can You Sleep at Night?...and other questions that hound

Alan Dershowitz, defense attorney on the defensive

BY STEPHEN BELLO

Alan Dershowitz sits in the driveway with a hole in his dashboard where the tape deck has been stolen. The house itself is a tall, narrow, Gothic eyesore. And from behind it, one hears not the gentle chime of acorns falling on the nearby Cambridge courts but the tragic cadence of a basketball being dribbled and the urgent grunting of one of the sharpest legal minds in the country pecking his jump shot.

Alan Dershowitz, wearing cut-off jeans, sneakers, and a white T-shirt, is practicing alone. His two sons, Evan and Aaron, whom he has raised single-handedly since 1974, after he and his wife split up, are out at college now and, except for occasional visits from girlfriends, he lives by himself. Still, in some ways the house can hardly contain him. Various described as the most creative, most bombastic, most sophisticated, and most eccentric criminal lawyer in the country, he is also a professor of law at Harvard, in fact, he is the only major legal academic who is also engaged in a full-scale commercial practice. An attorney, his specialty is lawsuits and unpopular clients—clients so widely despised that no other reputable lawyer will touch them. In part, that's a consequence of his hybrid career. Dershowitz tends to act out his intellectual and academic obses-

sions in the real world and to occasionally lose sight of the people involved—especially the victims of crime—in the process. Yet, in his defense of terrorists and porno stars and dope dealers and racists, Alan Dershowitz has also managed to carve out a lonely place for himself as the country's most articulate and uncompromising protector of the rights of criminal defendants. He has been a trial lawyer for just over ten years.

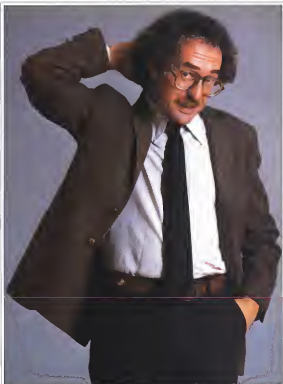
As the phone rings he finally snags a basket, then reaches for the coffee as he comes propped against his family painted desk. The color, I learn later, is Claus von Bülow, anxious to conform with his new attorney on the eve of his sentencing hearing in Newport. Von Bülow's was a highly visible case that also raised some significant constitutional issues, but though Dershowitz was clearly delighted to have been offered it, he hadn't accepted right away.

"My three basic criteria in taking cases," Dershowitz says, "are whether or not there's an opportunity for me to do something that a regular lawyer can't, whether or not the case gives me the chance to try to shape the law in some significant respect, and whether or not I can accurately see the material in my teaching. So when Von Bülow called and asked me to repre-

sent him on appeal, I told him the first step would have to be a long talk. Most of all, I wanted to make sure he understood exactly what kind of lawyer I was. 'I don't get favors from judges,' I told him. 'I'm not a glad handler. I'm a tough constitutionalist attorney, and if you choose me, you're going to have to be willing to go that route.'"

Now these are tough words, and even reasonably accurate, but gibes received—it's the kind of speech that has, over the years, earned Dershowitz a reputation as an expert in a third field: self-promotion. This is a charge to which he is particularly vulnerable these days. At the age of forty-four he has reached the most critical and visible phase of his career, not only with the publication of his best seller, *The First Defense*, but with his decision to take on two of the most highly publicized criminal cases of recent years: the appeal for Von Bülow as well as that for convict-author Jack Henry Abbott. They are cases, certainly, that raise a number of important legal issues. But the elasticity with which Dershowitz has become involved, the large sums he will earn as a result, and his willingness to use his cases for the purpose of self-aggrandizement in chats with

Stephen Bello is the author of *Going Left*, a biography of journalist lawyer Jerry Rubenstein.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

the likes of Steve Griffler, Phil Donahue, and Barbara Walters here, all at the very least, provided his detractors with a small amount of pointed questions.

"I DON'T FIND GENERALIZATIONS," he told me one wet and gloomy afternoon, sitting back in a cab on his way to Lagan Airport and on a surprise birthday party for his teacher in Brooklyn. The shuttle to New York is a trip he's been known to make several times a week, partly to stay in touch with his family in Brooklyn's lower-middle-class Orthodox Jewish com-

munity and partly to avoid the constant wars with the legal and media power base in Manhattan. It was pressing him on his willingness to employ "hedgehog defenses" on behalf of the obviously guilty. It seemed a logical place to begin it: the question that he has been everywhere.

**"THE TRAGEDY  
HIT," HIS FRIEND  
REMEMBERS,  
"AND ALAN STARTED  
SAYING, 'LIFE  
IS SHORT.  
IS THIS REALLY  
THE WAY I WANT  
TO LIVE IT?'"**

"I don't rest for criminals or enjoy spending time with them," he said. "And I'm convinced when one gets connected. But one of the main reasons we have remained a country of such tremendous freedoms, and a country where a minimum number of innocent people get convicted, is that we've always had a core group of angry and law-abiding defense attorneys who've been willing to stand up for clients whether they are innocent or not."

A nice abstraction. But what about someone like Jack Henry Abbott, I asked him. Aren't there countless cases and situations involved in deciding whether or not to accept a case that might put a killer like him back on the streets?

"Of course," he said, glancing intently at his watch as the cab shot down the ramp onto Stuyvesant. "One of the most tragic of the Abbott case is that he was released after twenty-four years in maximum-security prisons and then dumped on the Lower East Side with practically no supervision control. It seems to me that that should never have happened. But once he was released, you can't go ahead and judge him like a normal person. He's like a blind man. Or a deaf person. And the main reason I took the case is because of a significant constitutional issue raised by these circumstances..."

"Which was?"

"The judge's refusal to allow the jury to take Abbott's years of imprisonment into account in evaluating his perception of the world he will deliver to," Deschowitz said. "In other words, Abbott claims he thought

the guy was coming at him with a weapon. Now, of course he wasn't. But the question that interests me is whether a guy who has spent all his adult life in prison systems is next to sudden danger isn't necessarily going to misperceive reality when you suddenly dump him on the streets. I personally don't think you can hold him to the same standards...and I'm uncomfortable" in the sense that the jury was at least entitled to consider it.

Perhaps, but still as abstract, it seemed to me, as to the issue's most important question. If the case was crazy enough to make a writer on the subway look for someone threatening him with a knife, all the more reason to lock him up and take him away the long.

Deschowitz looked out the window to survey the midtown traffic jam that had snarled as just south of the Calman Tunnel. "Some of the paradox of all these defenses but of the Abbott defense were to succeed, it could have been a lot of trouble."

Some of the criminal-justice system in other areas. Parole boards might be more reluctant to release people like him, for example. Or you might begin to see better supervision of parolees, or better preparation for release."

Or a bipartisan overreaction by judges and prosecutors that would escalate sentences and destroy the lives of a generation of youthful offenders. Anything is possible. But why, given the obvious numbers performed in New York's courtroom every day, would Deschowitz choose to commit his finite resources to a cause as potentially pointless, with consequences as potentially catastrophic, as this one? Clearly the answer had something to do with exhibits, with time and money, and with Deschowitz's taste for notoriety. And yet it was still puzzling. His basic desire notwithstanding, there appeared to be too much at stake in his rapidly ascendant career to risk it all in a case that offered little more than cheap publicity.

The cab finally pulled up at the Eastern Shuttle terminal at exactly 5:05. And after springing to the gate and determining that he had in fact missed the flight, Deschowitz beamed more brightly for the pay phone—where he spent most of the hour's wait before the next plane was ready to leave.

HE GLASS-WALLED OFFICE AT HARVARD is a mirror, the Deschowitz filing system is a state of perpetual chaos, his desk beclow-

with books and lecture notes and correspondence. Photographs are scattered about—many of them of his two sons, for whose sake, when they were home at home, he invariably flew back to Cambridge every evening, even during lengthy jury trials in New York. Also conspicuously displayed is a row of annual photographs of the law school faculty posed on the steps of Langdell Hall. Deschowitz is ever prominent among these because of the two clumps of bushy hair on either side of his occasionally photogenic face. They are recent photographs for the most part, but there is another one he wants me to take—a sole shot from fifteen years ago in that it is all but unrecognizable.

With his hair trimmed way back, his complexion lighter and powdered, a baggy gray suit draped around a body that seems thicker and clumsier, the effect of the photograph is lost then appearing, certainly but also fails to mesh with his personal history as he has told it to me and written it in his book. This is no positive troublemaker, no Brooklyn vagrant, no smart slick from the streets. This is a young, confident, confident, confident lawyer, like a thousand others. And the work on his face as he finds me the picture only deepens the mystery.

In one great leap Alan Deschowitz moved from the streets of Brooklyn to the halls of elite, graduating from the elite from Yale Law School and later becoming, at age twenty-eight, the youngest tenured full professor in the history of Harvard Law School. He was, no doubt, a remarkable case of a legal prodigy. And yet the same fact about his early years in Cambridge that he really had no idea how to handle himself in his new role or what to do with the establishment credentials that had suddenly been thrust upon him. By all accounts, he lived here in many ways to play at the books—he went to the right dinner parties, courted the right colleagues. And yet he was also irrevocably different from those colleagues, and he knew it. Above all, he was the first "Jewish Jew" on the Harvard Law School faculty, a man who clearly had no desire to use his new position and connections as a mechanism for cultural assimilation. "At first he was more like a cultural student than a Harvard professor," his colleague Alan Stone wrote. "Alan was not assimilated, but not a very private Jew. You can't try to be a WASP."

He was saying right from the beginning: "I come from Brooklyn, I'm a Jew, I'm going to continue being great about it."

He had been back not only as a teacher but as his promise as a scholar in the murky area where the social sciences and jurisprudence intersect. That was a specialty he had developed as a law student at Yale, and the expectation was that he would eventually write the definitive book on psychiatry and law. An Alan Abbott says

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ment suggests, he has retained a strong interest in the subject, but the book will almost certainly never be written.

The change was inevitable. But one thing, an irrepressible tendency to mope off and on in some contrived style gradually alienated him from the law school's chilly major circle. And when the death of the law school passed from Edwin Griswold, a curly-haired special assistant to the U.S. Attorney General, to a younger and blander academic named Derek Blok (who was destined to become president of the entire university years later), the door of high-level administrative fellowship already slammed shut in Derbowitz's face.

"Derek Blok, when he became dean, just couldn't handle disagreement," Derbowitz remembers. "I can be a pretty sorry character to a dean, and the way he treated people who disagreed with him drove me the line—as I did—was to ostracize them completely from the internal workings of the law school. He tried to do that with me, and my response was, 'Gee, that's terrific. I don't have to waste my time at these boring faculty meetings anymore.' I work with people who disagree with me. I'll join the American Civil Liberties Union, I'll get involved in cases." And I think Derek was very happy with that, and so was I. I got me out of his problem area and into the real world.

Even so, there, Derbowitz would come to be viewed as an absentee. As a member of the board of the Massachusetts ACLU, he now often finds himself involved in bitter and highly personalized fights with other members. "As far as civil liberties is concerned, Alan is simply not a civil libertarian," one frequent antagonist contends. "He has trouble getting up to the level of rational discourse. If you disagree with him, you're a heretic, and that's all there is to it."

A far more significant event in that period in terms of Derbowitz's personal transformation was a development within his own family: in 1972 his son Ron, then ten years old, was struck with a rare and little-understood brain tumor that quickly became the subject of most of Derbowitz's waking thoughts.

He threw himself into the situation unflinchingly, spending hundreds of hours in medical interviews and consulting with scores of leading neurologists from all over the country. And he eventually landed an honorarium medical center in Boston performing the operation itself and another, in California, in the follow-up (which on theory—no showing of responsibility that neurosurgeon had ever agreed to before).

"He attacked the medical dogma that had to be made in a way that rivals the analytical powers of the CIA, the Pentagon, and the State Department," Boston defense attorney Harvey Silverglate, an old friend and a former student, remembers.

"He engineered the whole thing and supervised it, and his son was the beneficiary of what some people call a mother's miracle. To the extent that it was his miracle, it certainly couldn't have happened without Alan's considerable persistence and formidable powers. He simply wouldn't take no for an answer."

But in the meantime, Derbowitz's scholarly work came to a virtual standstill. His family himself so preoccupied with lab tests and brain scans that he was unable to focus on the Herculean task of completing his magnum opus. He looked for ways to keep himself busy for short-term assignments with deadlines, for projects in which he could work with people rather than alone, and soon Derbowitz had converted to law firm criminal case.

"The tragedy hit," Silverglate says, "and he suddenly started seeing. Late at night, he'd suddenly be the way I want to be." Having his son that sick and that close to death helped him change, to make the transition out of the academic mold—and to end a marriage that had obviously been bad for many years."

What had held that marriage together he himself admits he was the romantic. He had married Alan and his younger brother, Neil, had married a pair of sisters—and that the breakup of one of those marriages would necessarily have explosive consequences for both families, including the in-laws on both sides. Alan and Sue Derbowitz had been married since the early 1960s. Also graduated from college, and there's no question that in the beginning Sue exerted a vital stabilizing influence on her disappointed young husband. But these memories for him when Derbowitz was musing these few minutes about his life, and by 1972, even the obstacle of his brother's marriage had lost its deterrent force. A bruising settlement and custody battle was fought in court, and with much less than a year's notice, Alan Derbowitz walked away with nearly everything he thought he wanted.

AT THE END OF AN INCREDIBLY LONG day in which he had fought a two-hour seminar on legal ethics in the morning and flown to New York in the afternoon, a meeting with Jack Henry Abbott at the city prison on Riker's Island, Alan Derbowitz stood, exhausted, on the steps of the Boston Public Library subterranean. The Red Defense had just been published, and his life was the topic of his speech.

He began with an account of his first case, in 1972, in which he represented a former Brooklyn neighbor of his named Sheldon Segal. Segal, a member of the Jewish Defense League, asked Derbowitz to defend him against a charge of felony murder in connection with a building that had all but destroyed the Manhattan office of attorney Saul Horak and incidentally killed a twenty-year-old Jewish bookkeeper in the process.

Initially reluctant to become involved, Derbowitz finally accepted the case when an experienced New York city attorney

better world. As a parent, a person as Segal was, he was nonetheless from the neighborhood and he needed help. Even so, Derbowitz was not certain what he could do for his new client—he knew absolutely nothing, after all, about the practice of law at the level of ordinary court proceedings. In desperation, he turned to his former student Harvey Silverglate, then just four years out of law school but quickly making a name for himself in criminal defense.

Midway through the pretrial maneuvering it became absolutely clear to both of them not only that Segal was guilty but that he had been working both sides of the street—but he was the police attorney whose detailed account of the crime formed the basis of the prosecution's case. Segal claimed that he had been brutally overruled into supplying this information by a New York City police captain named Santo Parisi, to prove it, he pointed them up to be last managed to make surreptitiously at the investigations. The tapes quickly convinced Derbowitz that larger issues were at stake: that Segal's case—these or guilt (I'm gonna mean in some back's night, and I'm gonna mean in over with a truck," Parisi had threatened him on one occasion—that asked police technicians of this kind was as even graver threat than were the actions of the JDL. Whatever the substance, Derbowitz had had—about his client's character and about his own talent for trial work—quickly disappeared.

The key issue was Segal's assertion that Parisi had explicitly pledged that if Segal became an informant, none of the information he supplied would ever be used against him. Derbowitz believed Segal, but the judge of criminality was not contained on any of the corroborative tapes. At this point, on the eve of his first courtroom appearance event, that

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IT UNEQUIVOCALLY,  
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Dershowitz cooked up a strategy to get Perle to admit making the pledge.

He began his cross-examination of the cop with a series of apparently unadorned questions about what he had made any promises to Seigel, questions that Perle managed to answer with a glib "No, sir, I did not." Gradually, however, Dershowitz began to introduce a few remarks that he had taken verbatim from Seigel's tapes. "Did you ever," Dershowitz asked, "have the following conversation with Mr. Sheldon Seigel: 'The gonna meet you some fuckin' night and I'm gonna run you over with a truck?'"

"No, sir, I deny that," Perle said as it seemed clear that he was over.

"You are certain that you never said anything about running him over with a truck?"

"I never said anything like that."

"Did you ever tell him that if he started to give games, you would gonna start breaking fuckin' balls instead of tryin' to be some the nice guy?" Dershowitz asked.

And then, after Perle's composure began to crack wildly under the realization that tapes he had no idea existed were coming to light, Dershowitz switched from transcripts of the actual tapes to invented dialogue, words that he had written himself. In a near-perfect imitation of Perle's roughhouse Brooklynese, Dershowitz now "quoted" a conversation in which he had Perle explicitly promising Seigel that he would never be indicted or subpoenaed to testify.

"Did you," Dershowitz asked, "ever say, 'Just give me the fuckin' names... We will never see you in a witness, we can make the case without you?'"

"That sounds familiar," Perle finally said. "I don't recall exactly if those were my precise words..."

"In substance, then, if not in those words?" asked the judge.

"In substance, sir," Perle said.

Without Seigel's testimony, the judge was forced to dismiss the indictment, and all three defendants were allowed to walk out the door. The case had been Dershowitz's first, and yet it perfectly displayed the kind of cases he would take—and choose he would make—in the years ahead. He had chosen a desperate method to achieve what he considered a just end, and he had chosen to violate that end and the protection of civil liberties principles—in this case, the inadmissibility of coerced testimony—over punishment for the guilty.

"I refused to join the celebration when the verdict against the cops was handed down," Dershowitz told his Boston University audience. "It was an evil—a necessary evil—and I took no pleasure in the victory, even though it was a victory for the Bill of Rights."

Since the Seigel case, Dershowitz has

gone on to defend huge numbers of other highly unpopular and controversial (and frequently well-to-do) clients—porno star Barry Shear, nursing home operator Bernard Berenson, and former CIA agent Frank Sheppard among them. Despite the fact that his win-loss ratio has probably suffered as a result, Dershowitz has taken them all on with zeal and aggressiveness, often pushing hard against the limits of accepted legal ethics.

Not surprisingly, then, he has found himself up against some nice judges and prosecutors over the years. That experience in the courts has given him a special view of the criminal justice system, a view that he distilled in *The Hot Defense* and tried out for mass consumption via a lecture and semi-combing media campaign, of which this booky talk was just the beginning.

A few, distortion, and other forms of intellectual dishonesty are endemic among judges," Dershowitz proclaims in his introduction to the book. "Beneath the robes of many judges I have seen corruption, incompetence, bias, laziness, rudeness at night, and plain arbitrary stupidity... I have been more disappointed by judges than by any other participants in the criminal justice system."

Statements like this are not almost unprecedented among practicing attorneys—who have to appear before judges on a regular basis—but alone among legal scholars. And the book has earned him the opprobrium many powerful lawyers in the legal establishment—quite a few more than he has been able to stomach in court. "I don't even find these allegations particularly enough to talk with," says one former federal prosecutor now in private practice in Manhattan. "They're just cheap shots from a loser. Dershowitz has very little credibility with judges, prosecutors, and legitimate members of the criminal bar. We all believe that he's saying silly things, that he's biased himself out. He always attacks the judiciary and the government, that's his tactic, that's his shield. I got him again attention for a while, but I'm tired with it."

Another common line of criticism holds that Dershowitz's sweeping critique of the judiciary couldn't possibly reflect anything but his own prejudices. "Alan and I differ greatly in personality," says one Harvard Law School colleague—a former law clerk at the U.S. Department of Justice—flatly. "The difference is, he has opinions and expresses them freely without bothering to measure whether he's got a factual basis for them or not. There must be ten thousand or more corporate executives who think—state, federal, and local. How could Dershowitz possibly know what's going on in enough of those different places to make any kind of intelligent generalization or conclusion?"

"In the first place," Dershowitz con-

ters, "I practice law at the very highest level of the judiciary and the prosecutorial systems—and I think that what I see there is clearly much more below. In the second place, at this point in my life I have an array of students out there—eighteen years' worth of criminal-law students—and I get an enormous amount of feedback. There's been virtually no instance where a former student of mine has gotten involved in an interesting case that I didn't get a call."

When Jonathan Muck got appointed to represent Mark Chapman, he called me immediately. When Jack Loran took on the Richard Herrn case, when Senator Larry Pressler had his experience with Alton and didn't get sucked in, when Judge Stephanie Seymour got appointed to the federal bench—they all said, 'Let's talk.'"

And yet, for all his achievements and lasting connections, Dershowitz remains perpetually on the defense—a position that was demonstrated toward the end of the evening at the Boston library when a frail and elderly member of the audience got up to ask a question. How, the man wanted to know, could Dershowitz live at peace with himself? Surely he had actively and surely going to ease the level of crime and violence?

"Everything increases crime and violence," Dershowitz told him. "Work increases crime and violence. But the best solution we have is that the crime rate will probably begin to fall by the end of the century as the average age of the population increases."

"Probably" the man asked.

"No, sir," Dershowitz told him, "probably is all you're going to get."

IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK ON A TUESDAY afternoon during the last week of classes at the law school—an hour when most of the professors on the floor are trying things up or reading quietly behind closed doors. But not Dershowitz. His office is crisscrossed with young bodies, some of them perched on filing cabinets and windowsills, eager to reply to questions that he posed to them twenty-four hours before and that they have spent many long hours in Law Library across the courtyard preparing to answer. It is the final strategy session before the Von Moltke bail-application hearing, now less than seventy-two hours away, and the bodies in the room are Alan Dershowitz's secret weapon. They are the cream of Harvard's second- and third-year law students, and they probably know more about the mechanics of legal research than anyone else on earth.

The Von Moltke case, charged with attempting to murder his business wife, Barry by asphyxiating her with an overdose of insulin, was heard guilty and an sentence of violent publicity six weeks before this. His guilt had always seemed a foregone conclusion, and he had been widely por-



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## DISCOVER THE TASTE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

trapped in the press in cold and breathy, a new kind of appet-cious monster. Like most of Derzhavets's clients, he is a hard man to defend.

Back in the room, the questions and answers are flying around like snazzy balls. It is Derzhavets's show, but he is inevitably responsive to a novel argument or unfamiliar precedent advanced by a student, occasionally he even defers to one of his chief lieutenants—former students of his, now junior faculty, who are also present and who have been assigned to head up particular sections of the work. It is an uphill fight, perhaps a tedious fight, and they all know it. But the slower velocity of the sleaz is breathtaking, the disquieting stretching of the walls in a land of ancient legal tradition.

For the students it is a rare chance not only to earn some money at their law school, but also to get out from under the deadly tedium of law school hypochondria and into the sterile atmosphere of world class litigation. Certainly there is a pronounced feverishness in the situation—attributable in part to deadline pressure but mostly to the way Derzhavets's energy level rises, as it always does, when things almost get out of hand.

The fact is, he took the case on very short notice and was giving it a lot of thought almost strictly on instinct. He knew very little of the Von Bilow personality, or of their background, all he knew for sure sitting there that day in his crowded office was that his client's civil liberties had been violated—the private investigation conducted by the victim's family had concluded a search that would be blatantly unconstitutional if attempted by the police, that he had understood what they found (a small black bag containing needles and syringes), and that Von Bilow's conviction for murder rested, at least in part, on this tainted evidence.

As I thought later their attention about his decision to take the case, it seemed a typical Derzhavets's enterprise and named many of the same questions in his defense of Jack Henry Abbott. Why—except, of course, for the notoriety, the sense of excitement, and the money—get involved at all? It looked like another rhetorical exercise in civil liberties dogma, a perfect example of the kind of case, it seemed to me, that Derzhavets would churn through the courts simply because there was money involved and a set of arguments that would be made, rather than because he had any real sense that justice had in some way been wronged.

But all that was before the prelate of early July, when Sunny von Bilow's grandchildren and inquisitive friend, Brenda Capote characterized her as in some way as a classical and "certainly capable of justice" and described her penchant for rejecting

harassment with such drugs as Demerol, Quaaludes, and amphetamines. Both after the magazine's publication, the pattern of behavior Capote described was quietly confirmed by others who knew her well. And for the first time, Claus von Bilow's guilt was seriously questioned.

Soon in the light of Capote's revelations, Derzhavets's civil liberties mission certainly seemed less possible and self-serving. He had suspected that there was something wrong with the Von Bilow verdict from the beginning because the misrepresentations of the civil liberties had cast a suspicious light of barely vindictive and less and less on justice over the entire case. We may never know whether Von Bilow is in fact guilty of innocent (the report will be heard later this year), but in either event Derzhavets's instinct to appear to have been vindicated. His efforts may in fact have the effect of keeping a dangerous precedent off the books—a precedent that would have made us all a little more vulnerable to arbitrary searches and seizures on the part of anyone who might hold a grudge against us.

When I first met Derzhavets in New York, immediately before his first long meeting with Von Bilow at the defendant's Fifth Avenue apartment, he already knew precisely where he stood. "Civil liberties are a royal pain in the ass," he told me then. "They're willing to sacrifice immediate comfort for long-term benefits. They're slightly poisoned. They're like people who overinvest in insurance policies. But you can't have so-called private investigation by looking down the way they did to Von Bilow. That's called being in a police state. And when you're trying to protect something so fragile and precious and irreplaceable as the culture of freedom in this country—even if it means the occasional bearing of a guilty person—then it is, for one, an willing to pay the price."

THE SOCIETY OF DERZHAVETS'S LECTURE at the Boston Library, no walk across the street to a small basement-type restaurant, where his mother is sitting at a table along with several members of his "law firm." The party is in Derzhavets's honor, to celebrate the publication of his book, and yet he can often find a book. He looks weary as he leans against the wall, his eyes heavy, his face a mask of exhaustion.

I think about the peculiarly strange pace he sets for himself, so frantic it would seem to outweigh the absolute and apparently insatiable need he has to see his name in lights. And I wonder about what he is doing with his life. He is a lawyer, he is a writer, he is a man who has known him for many years, told me a couple of weeks back. "There is no way to overstate the level of anxiety Alla lives with every day," he said. "The loneliness, and the sense of exposure and vulner-

ability. I get the sense sometimes that the real reason Alla takes the world up on all these opportunities—owns the questionable ones, like the Abbott case—is that he still doesn't believe that they'll be there for him tomorrow. There's no question that he's absolutely surrounded by his own success—and made very nervous by it. And that he constantly makes for himself the fact that that's his last, that it's really true."

Propped against the wall, Derzhavets begins talking about his visit that morning with Abbott. A month ago, he says, when he was first approached about taking the case, Norman Mailer and the others who were putting up money for the defense wanted him only to get Abbott's sentence reduced or to have the conviction placed in a permanent program. "But I could never accept those kinds of compromises," Derzhavets says, "and I refused to accept the case unless I could actively try to overturn the verdict."

Standing here with him, I find myself asking the same question I first put to him in the car: Why put a word-swapping idler back on the streets? Why take that risk?

"Because," he answers. "Because there's a much greater risk if you don't at least make the effort. Because once you begin to compromise in your duty to your client there is no end to compromise. And in the long run, if that happens, the system will eventually begin to break down."

I say that I still find that to be an unusually short and schematic view, and that as the real world we're all struggling to stay alive as, one moon Jack Henry Abbott on the streets is too many.

"There are a lot of people out there who just go it is to figure out what's best for society," he says. "They're called scientists, they're called citizens, they're called governors and mayors. And there are a lot of people who are concerned with the victims. They're called lawyers, they're called clergy, they're called friends. But there is only one person whose responsibility it is to do that, unapologetically about the client, and that's the defense attorney. There's a lot of pain involved, and no criminal lawyer's ever going to win the Nobel Prize, but if you can't do it, and you can't do it, unapologetically, then you better get the hell out of it, because you're not doing it."

He glances over at the table and spots an empty seat opening up near the end. With-out focusing on anyone for a moment, he sits down, looking as if the cloud of controversy were to vanish. The guests at his party are having a good time, laughing, sharing intimate jokes. As Derzhavets again sits more back for an admirer from across the street his eyes sweep the table, then he settles back silently in his chair to out-deny. ☐



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novation every year. We are traveling at 155 miles per hour and I'm doing the best I can.

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Those're just the two of us up here, Bornstein and me, and our luggage, such as it is: coats, sleeping bags, maps, flight logbooks, quite a bit of tobacco, a thermos of coffee, and a half case of Pepsi-Cola. Pappy cooed.

My friend Bornstein moves the stick a little—there's a sweetening wheel up here—and we bank thirty or forty degrees right so he can reach some Indiana towns to the east he's heading. He checks his compass. This airplane we're flying is—my friend Bornstein built it. You know, with his hands. In the garage and in the basement, with the help of some power tools. And today we're taking it from Ohio to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for

the Experimental Aircraft Association's 30th Annual Fly-In.

Bornstein is less an aircraft builder than an aficionado of excellence in machinery—particularly machinery that people can ride in. He likes getting from one place to another at a high rate of speed, and in comfort. Giuseppe means him to have that exhilaration. He has already been through sports cars, motorcycles, and an old J-3 Piper Cub. He has always flown, as long as I've known him—and as he's always been bold, wise, and a great master of Chevrolet Road—but until now he had never built an airplane.

The dashboard of this plane looked so straightforward (and up here) doesn't look much different from a car's. Gauges, knobs, buttons. There's an altimeter, a dial that shows rate of climb or descent, and a G-force gauge. I know little about except that when it gets to 3 my stomach is up around my temples. And a thing in the middle that looks like a carpenter's level and that tells you, as if you didn't know, what kind of turn you're making.

Another thing you won't find on a sports car: a fuse panel on the instrument panel, compliments of the FAA. This reads FIVE AMPS. IT IS A WARNING. NO, NO, THIS IS NOT A WARNING. IT'S A WARNING. REGULATIONS. HOW "STANDARD AMERICAN." You can't buy a new airplane like this one. But if you really want an airborne sports car, it is possible to build one. This one moves all right. We have COTTON in a second, just like the one we had in the first. We're still under 100 mph.

by Chip Elliott



GOOD-OLD AMERICAN KNOW-HOW: THE AUTHOR, AT RIGHT, WITH BORNSTEIN AND HIS AIRPLANE

just down 475 miles an hour; three and a half hours, and though we are both hungry, we are much less worse for wear than we would have been had we driven.

I'm learning a little about navigation today. There is "highway navigation" and there is "railroad-track navigation," which means you fly low enough to see what you're doing—400 feet or so—and follow the highway or the railroad tracks to where you're going. In the Midwest, where we are, all the highways seem to lead to towns and all the railroad tracks to Chicago, so if you want to get to either of those places, that's the way to do it.

Bornstein says that when you're done that, you should always fly to the right side of the highway or the railroad track, just as you would if you were driving, because someone might be doing exactly the same thing coming the other way.

Then there is "water-tower navigation." You spot a town and then you drop down to 800 feet or so and fly around the town's water tower until you can read the name of the town on the side of the tower. Then you simply match the name on the tower to the same name on the map. Simple, no? Of course, by the time you have found the town on your map, you are somewhat lost, but at least you know the general vicinity.

There is also "sawtooth navigation." You fly along until you find a small airport, and you land there, turn it, and shut off the engine. Then you sawtooth to the office, unwater on it, and try to look as if you know what is in the hell you are doing and where to go. The hell you are and you can find a sign that tells you to what airport you are supposed to, near what town, and in what state. Then you try to read it without anyone noticing you.

Bornstein's plane is a Wittman Tailwind, one of more than a dozen airplanes designed by the legendary aviator Steve Wittman. This one is the Wittman's driver board in 1964. The Tailwind is considerably smaller, less sturdy, and extremely precise at the controls. It is exactly the sort of machine you would expect someone who has a reputation for coming up with the Bornstein decided to build a plane, he must stay in Wittman for the construction phase.

It took him five years, because he had to make a living and finance the construction of the family cockpit. But the game machine did not cost very many pennies to build and requires only a few more to operate and maintain. The secret, as we used to say in the Fifties, dragging Main Street and racing around these drive-in hamburger joints, is to enjoy the food. Or in this case, under the cockpit.

Bornstein's airplane carries an Odeon V-8 engine. An aluminum-block V-8 of 230 cubic inches that came straight from an Oldsmobile F-45—remember those?—circa 1963. And though the motor has been extensively rebuilt, it has been modified hardly at all—a different carburetor with larger jets, a small hand-made radiator, a custom-built exhaust—for aircraft use, and if Bornstein needs other parts for it, he can buy them at his local automotive store. What's more, the Oldsmobile engine uses regular gas. Aviation fuel costs two dollars a gallon.

In the world of amateur flying, one is used to hearing about gasoline-powered aircraft engines like the Lycoming O-235 and the Continental O-200. These are engines to buy—if you see brand-new Lycomings advertised for \$6,965, but

aircraft engine it was designed to carry. Also, because the big engine can last about 2,000 miles per hour, it costs only \$2,960 (plus the chances of failure are greatly reduced and it doesn't drink much gas. That means Bornstein can breathe easy and can fly long distances without stopping to refuel.

We are in Winston now, south of Chicago. Bornstein is drinking coffee and taking it around the far corners of the city. He is a sensible and conservative pilot—that's what you become after years of flying and a few tight spots—and he doesn't like to go over major cities. He says that if something were to happen while we were over Chicago, there would be no place to land except for Lake Michigan or the side of a building; not here, we can always glide into somebody's wheat.

My friend, Bornstein, completed his airplane last June. For five years he was known in our town as "that guy who's building an airplane in his garage." Driven by it, I could always see pieces of it from the window, and I got involved. In late June we borrowed a compressor and painted it, then bolted on the home-made wings and hoisted the plane out to the airport on a crane. What a delight to watch it take off for the first time. In six years of effort came together and pay off.

Bornstein built his airplane for almost exactly \$5,000. That's engine, wings, tail, landing gear, the whole package. That is less than half what it would cost you to buy a new American car. Not it is possible to climb it and fly a thousand miles in a day in comfort while the folks on the ground are waiting forty-five minutes in a line to get across the Oakland Bay Bridge.

Bornstein probably ought to have been an engineer or a physicist. But he went to college during the Sixties, when most of us thought an undergraduate course in the sciences meant a lifelong career making repairs or enriched plasmas. So he majored in education.

He served in Vietnam, not with a gun but with a radio—a good chance on the part of the Army, considering that he had been building and operating bare-radio gear since childhood. After Vietnam he snagged a small airport and then a full store. He moved to education only when he was ready—when it dawned on him he could never make a year out of school, which he enjoys, and spend the other three months looking things, which he loathes. And though he had been an amateur pilot for several years, knowing how to fly a small plane is very different from knowing how to make a small plane fly. When it came to actually building an airplane,

**THERE IS NO QUESTION TODAY THAT THE AIR SHOW IS THE REPOSITORY OF FLIGHT. MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND AIRCRAFT ARE HERE.**

\$50,000 is more like it—and expensive to maintain a safe job, for example, may cost \$2,000, an overhaul much more. Bornstein's engine, rebuilt, with new valves, pistons, modifications, balancing, the works, cost \$1,500; he bought the basic engine at a yard for \$75. It is virtually identical to the engine that is under the hood of your station wagon. Yet I saw this plane fly at 175 miles per hour on its first day in the air.

There are about a hundred Wittman Tailwinds, maybe a few more, flying around the country today, all of them built by amateurs. Bornstein's is the only one besides the maker's red Oldsmobile prototype, N375W, that carries a V-8 engine.

I have a hunch, though, that American V-8 auto engines are going to catch on for small aircraft. Because these engines are smooth, powerful, reliable, and cheap to fix. With the GIs up there pulling as along, making a racket like someone learning to sail, the Tailwind has a cruising speed of 150 miles per hour or more, tremendous power, and much better rate of climb than it would have had with the smaller

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Bornstein knew literally nothing about it.

However, when you happen to learn something, you learn it, he says. He needed an airplane. Instead, he ended up with a welded-steel tubular, and in getting it, he became a welder. He needed wings for his airplane, so he learned how to make them, by cutting hundreds of small pieces of wood with extreme accuracy, then gluing them together into a potent miniature wing. And so it went.

Still, five years is a long time. Toward the end of the project, Bornstein's wife left him. She got tired of the unpleasant part and the important hours and the pieces of his airplane that lay on the dining room table and filled the garage while her car had to sleep out in the snow. But they are seeing each other again now, and recently they collaborated on putting a postage stamp on the kitchen of their house so postage at all is not lost.

Summer in thunderstorm weather in the Midwest, and night now we're flying into some storm clouds—bigger that tap out at 35,000 feet or more, making landing makes them to make long jumps. At 3,000 feet we are knee-high to them. Bornstein doesn't like what he sees. He suggests we fly around them. He says if I have one more to South Dakota I watch the compass swing around from NW to SW; we are going to try an end run.

But we are tackled anyway. Horn starts against the head-on, their glass coming and outflies over the cloud-covered wave. We're in it for no longer than a minute, but when we land for gas a hundred miles to the south, we find that the tips of the wooden propeller have been chewed up. Horn says, "I don't feel this happen, and the plane seemed to fly no less perfectly after the storm, yet it looks as if invisible rita had been at the propeller. Neither of us wants to talk about what would happen if one of those little devils develop a propeller instinct while we are laid a mile up."

We hope for no more storms, and we don't get any. Instead, we get fog. It seems that all Wisconsin is (fogged). Bornstein has an instrument flying, but his plane has no instruments. And so, with no other aid than his blind flying, we sneak along below the fog, very slowly, at 1,200 feet, which is not really 1,200 feet at all since Wisconsin is more than 700 feet above sea level. Five hundred feet is not much margin for error. Horn says, "I'm not doing some serious piloting now, flying by the compass and eyeballing the earth below for landmarks. We spot a monastery of some kind but can't find it on the map, so we sit a go and start looking for something else."

It is not the best of situations: low ceiling, shrouded-up propeller, not exactly lost but not exactly sure where we are, either. Yet even under these circumstances, in this top phase put together with wood, cloth, glue, steel tubing, and paint, I feel for ailer that if I were in an airplane.

Bornstein, true to his code, is going to bring the plane down and wait the weather out. The closest airway is Ford Du Lac Airport in Ford Du Lac, Wisconsin. When we find it, the little airport is mobbed with airplanes and with pilots in exactly the same predicament we're in, all of whom have had the good sense to come in out of the fog. And when we land, we'll all be flying on to Oshkosh for the EAA Fly-In. Right now, and for a week to come, 5 percent of the aircraft in the United States will be right in the neighborhood. Many of these

show up in Oshkosh this week, for it is their annual pilgrimage. The event will draw more than half a million spectators, and places from more than twenty countries.

The EAA Fly-In has been held at Oshkosh for over ten years now, and the association is pretty well settled at, with acres of grounds, a camping area, an outdoor stage, and open, a museum adjacent to Wisconsin Field, named in honor of Steve Wittman. Wittman literally lives in the field; his house is on a quiet suburban street, but from the back of his garage a short strip of pavement leads directly onto runway 36. Therefore we can even expect, Wittman turns up, not in an airplane but in a yellow Buick.

Wittman is six feet three inches tall, seventy-eight years old, sturdy and alert, and he has the good-old, standard expression in his eyes that real pilots have often. He has so much going on in his head that he can barely settle down.

Already today he has flown in a five-hundred-mile air race and has been forced to shut down his engine trouble. In that instant, More often he wins. Now he is resting, which means running around, looking at things, getting information from his vast store.

Bornstein and Wittman met only once, briefly, though they have talked on the telephone many times over the past five years as Bornstein's project grew from Wittman's Whittman's idea of a small plane to a big airplane. Once the airplanes are over, Wittman has a thorough, probing look at his

project's plane. After a long time—five minutes or more—the spectators had approved. He asks how long it will go. Bornstein says not too long. He is only getting around 3,200 rpm, and he would like 3,400, which would give the plane a higher top end. Without an instant's hesitation, Wittman looks at the prop and says, "Well, you need a pile of more cash, and it's not a small one with exactly the length and pitch he thinks will do the job."

Bornstein says, "Why that one?" Wittman says, "Because you want two hundred more rpm, right? Give that engine less resistance and it'll speed right up. You'll have a cheaper takeoff, too."

Wittman is unusual, but then there is no typical amateur pilot. The people at Oshkosh are soldiers, lawyers, housewives, mechanics, farmers, professors, accountants, accountants, and engineers. There are a few commercial pilots who can't stay out of the sky on three days off, there are a few Air Force vets who have moved with delight from F-16s to airplanes. The fact that they have come together to run or finish to official to, or have just been lost and

## IT DOESN'T MATTER TO BORNSTEIN WHETHER WE FLY BACK EAST OR POINT THE PROPELLER WEST, AS LONG AS WE ARE UP THERE.

people have flown enormous distances—thousands of miles—to get here. Some, we quickly discover, have not had a good night in days.

THERE IS NO QUESTION TODAY that Oshkosh is flight's repository: there are more than ten thousand aircraft on the ground today on. As we sit in it we are guided off the runway by a volunteer ground crew, walked in from the flight line by more volunteers to the landing field designated for home-builts, and given a parking place until the few other Wittman Tailwinds. Our spot happens to be right next to Steve Wittman's own blood-red Olds Tailwind.

Until today I had assumed that Bornstein was alone in his project. A rare bird, twirling in solitude. Now, surrounded by more than a hundred other Tailwinds, I realize that he's had a lot of company.

EAA—the Experimental Aircraft Association—was founded with a summer Fly-In thirty years ago, in 1953. Today the organization has more than eighty thousand members, about a third of whom will

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## In Linen

BY VINCENT BOUCHER

Linen, one of the oldest textile fibers in the world, is, paradoxically, costing the biggest news in the spring men's wear collections. Pined since ancient Egyptian times for its lustrous yet extremely sturdy attributes, linen continues to be a modern favorite by virtue of its exceptional, almost luminous, depth of color, its cool and clean-lined qualities, and its suitability for every climate. The diverse uses for linen are ever expanding—it is seen in casual, draped-on, unstructured jackets, both men's and boys' sweaters, and tailored in a variety of men's wear jackets, often waisted or otherwise treated to withstand the elements. The elegant durability of linen, with its sophisticated and subtle sheen, has even led its fans to ignore its one drawback—it does wrinkle. Yet even linen's slightly rumpled appearance is more and more an elegant signature of stylish good taste and comfort.

PREWASHED LINEN AND-cotton fabric is tailored into a sport jacket (\$275) and pinstriped trousers (\$115), both by Comme des Garçons. At Barney's, New York; Macys, Los Angeles; Tooties, Houston. Linen-cotton sweater (\$85) by Browns. At Louis, Boston; Perkins Sheerer, Denver. Sport watch (\$325) by Tourneau.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HOGAN



OVERSIZE, UNBELTED, and sturdy, this overcoat of wool pure linen (\$355) is by Perry Ellis. At Bloomingdale's and Jódyn High, New York; Ragby & Krubers, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Warwick, Rhode Island. Cable-knit linen-cotton pullover (\$320), linen houndstooth trousers (\$175), and a cotton-linen shirt (\$45), all also by Perry Ellis.



BREEZE-WEIGHT LINEN sweater with seers ombré and deep dolman sleeves (about \$200) is by Andrew Fezza. At Chetman, New York; Wilkes Barford, San Francisco. White linen shirt (\$150) by Juan Vase. At Barney's, New York; Matfield, Los Angeles. Double-pleated linen trousers (about \$48) at Reminiscence, New York.



A SPARELY SHAPED, ample, linen blouse jacket with a fly-front zipper and snap closure (\$220) is by Calvin Klein, as are the cotton-linen button-front sweater vest (\$67.50) and single-pleated cotton-and-linen trousers (\$56). At Macy's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles.



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# The Esquire Review

FEBRUARY 1993

MOVIES  
VIDEO  
MUSIC



## Reflections off the City of Angles

by Quentin Crisp

ON THE PLANE BOUND FOR LOS ANGELES, THOSE PASSENGERS WHO WERE NOT TRYING TO SLEEP OFF THEIR CON LAG WERE ENCOURAGED TO WATCH THE PROPHETIC SPACE EPIC *STAR WARS: THE TRIUMPH OF NEBULA*.

MR. GUINNESS MADE A VALIANT attempt to shake upon the movie's usually 12th Grade halo but the story remained mysteriously untranslatable. I longed for an incessant, unrelenting monologue, but when the said title at last appeared and I was allowed to raise the eyelids of the porthole nearest to me, I found that nothing had changed. I was still in a hedonistic, hazardous object racing over a mountain range, the color of despair and totally devoid of human life. It suddenly became obvious to me that for some time past, art and life have been growing more and more unrecognizably alike. Personally I was relieved that the earth at least appeared to be spacing benchmarks at a slower rate than everything I saw in the

film, but I am certain that others wished the opposite. In a world where there is no longer any place where it is agreeable to tarry, perpetual motion is the only happy state. No wonder there is a drag that is colloquially called speed, and no wonder that the drag is so popular in the place they call Hollywood.

Until I was almost seventy years of age, I was like the Portuguese explorer who set out across the Atlantic Ocean to find the fabled city of Eldorado. I saw Hollywood only as my heart at, more exactly, in the cinema. When I finally visited there in 1973, it was not quite as I had hoped. Since then, before my very tripod there, I find myself wondering if I shall discover that yet another fragment of my dream has become detached, irretrievable that is what I discover, and so I went to Hollywood and

one last time to determine what had caused the disintegration.

Emerging from the plane, I became aware that the Los Angeles airport, like so much in America, is a class of opportunity. I feel it is a trap. The very moment that I began to tell the driver how to reach my destination, I realized that I was uttering the first words, more or less, of any Chandler thriller. "She has a place out in one of the valleys." This was exhilarating, but at the same time as I was playing with that myth, I noticed that another was conspiring. I speak of the weather. The sky was clouded. The moon is supposed to enjoy perpetual darkness, but as we sped through the streets of Los Angeles the sky became ever more opaque and before long a few drops of rain had fallen. These present meteorological disturbances are



and to be caused by the activities of an evil whose situation is not that of the Muses and Guinevere, but I chose to interpret them differently: they were symbols of the movie industry's deterioration.

Whatever it meant, by noon the following day the weather had changed and all the remaining days of the movie were as though Mr. Goldwyn had never died. The sun shone from dawn till dusk, a naked child whose entire body was the color of rosewood splashed in and out of the swimming pool, crimson hair.

Harvey's courtyard down the hillside, and a butterfly as large as a bird did its best to come as the edge of the breakfast table. The sun was so hot that, in fact, I have never seen any in Los Angeles. It is one of the modern myths of the region. It is like the morning green in the landscape that all foreigners think it is responsible to get about Los Angeles without a car. This is untrue too. While I was there, a 1924 Buick drove west on strike and the whole city was plunged into turmoil. If the street system were really redundant, the strike would have passed unnoticed. In fact, it is only the rich in the city who claim that the streets must once a year. The rest of the inhabitants walk or travel by bus.

That's the trouble with history: it's always written by the upper classes, who have nothing better to do. The story and the history of the Republic of Spain have been created by the natives to send off the army of the gods. Fears of being great have settled upon Hollywood.

IN YOUNGER AND HAPPIER DAYS, Hollywood was only a few wooden shacks leaning against one another at a considerable distance from the nearest town, and it was the strength of the early movies that they were made in this desert. Hollywood then was an oasis where there was no scenery, only backdrops, no human beings, only actors, or, rather, actresses. In that Eden, the migration of a director could bloom luxuriantly, totally undisturbed by the withering winds of reality. It is for them, with the same way that whose shabbiness had to be concealed or whose vanity could be appeased. The directors were like school masters on a country estate with the few girls.

Once asked Miss Gish if Mr. Griffith had ever been on her the status of a star. Her reply was an enigmatic no. That was why, she explained, they all felt so safe

working for him. She also said that when she and her sister told their mother that they had been recognized in the street, her only comment was that if all they wanted was to be stared at by strangers, they could go about like with rings through their noses. Of course, such an attitude of proud modesty did not prevail in Hollywood for long. Miss Pickford saw to that. Yet, even while her sister's were pining regrets to some of the most constant beads in history, the message of the movies returned in close as a chapel bell, so simple as a sample.

Once actors became stars, the remoteness of film from civilization also contributed to the world's attitude toward them. We knew about them only what could be pressed through the extremely close screens of Mr. Pickford's respectability or what boisterous in the world from such magazines as *Confidential*. As a result, we formed the unshakable impression that movie stars spent their time lazily holding hands with their leading men or being caressed in dim hotels by obese conductors. We liked that; we did not want to know anything about our idols that might make them mortal. But that blissful state of ignorance could not last.

WE LIVE, ALAS, IN AN EXPANDING universe. Gradually, like a disease, Los Angeles spread out and entered Hollywood. As with so many diseases, the results have been detrimental to both games.

The people of Los Angeles have become increasingly conscious of living in the vicinity of the movie industry. Even the sleep assassins act, at being sleep assassins. I accompanied my husband to a shop on Rodeo Drive that is followed around because it is rumored to belong, in part, to *Las Garbo*. I noticed at once how exotic the saleswomen seemed, how foreign to me they hurriedly performed her to write out the bill. After the shopping spree I was taken to lunch at a restaurant outside of which were parked four Buick-Royals. Our first prestigious vehicle was moved to the car park behind the building like a wrong busied up. I would not have been at all surprised to learn that the Buick was being loaned to be used in a location shot. Inside, at the table next to mine, a woman was celebrating her birthday. The waiters circled around her and sang "Happy Birthday," as thought were the big number in an MGM musical.

Even the behavior of the Los Angeles

police has lately become tinged with a kind of cinematic enthusiasm. When two officers were caught a while ago carrying videotapes out of a store and into their car, it seemed a scenario for an Abbott and Costello comedy. But then, as though the original director had been fired and a new one called in, the movie turned into a farce: so an offhand snarl, farcical. The district attorney's office filed charges against seven members of the force. The newspaper reported that one of the policemen involved "somewhat lost control" of his truck and was hurled from the vehicle; he died after landing on his head on the freeway. Sometime after that, a prostitute was murdered. She was to have been a key witness against the officers in this case; journalists called "sexual escapades." The woman had always dragged the information that one of the officers had "transported her (to his patrol car) for no official purpose." What disaster? Where are you, Mr. Spillane, when we need you?

The effect of the encroachment of the rest of western civilization upon Hollywood has been, indeed, though this seems a not immediately discernible. On the surface the place still seems to be an unspoiled suburb. The sidewalk still glimmers in the sunlight as I sit by my husband's swimming pool. I could hear the yapping of well-bred dogs and the purring of town moovers. We drove around the city quite extensively but we never caught sight of a beggar; when we stopped, no one offered to steer our windshield with a megaphone saying that the glass we did not see a single old lady huddled in a doorway.

The unpaved road but the rich defiled themselves from them. They live in palaces on the tops of hills from which they look down with smug superiority onto the more limited valley below. One of these houses that I visited was built like a ranch with huge rooms and low ceilings. Everything, even our host, seemed to be made of wood. Another home was like a cross between Greek temple and a palace cell. To reach it I was driven through the gauzy Calaveras dusk up winding roads that grew ever narrower, ever steeper, until we came to a tiny plateau where the house stood, surrounded by glossy cars. I was left through pink rooms over carpets as thick as purple grass to the edge of an octagonal pool that reflected the purple sky. The water was flanked by colonnades of classical white pillars running to the very brink of a precipice. I am sure that some day someone might see the water and will come falling down like a raging comet. All these palaces, of whatever architectural design, beside with larger claims, some, if they are surrounded by expensive trees, are patrolled night and day by guards with machine guns. Everyone in Hollywood knows as his heart that outside the gilded stockades, distress and even anger cany fall.

## Two brothers are torn by bitter rivalry for riches, power and the love of one woman.

Chapin Ames let a rich aunt buy his way into Harvard and Wall Street. His brother Tip made his own way to the top. Raised in separate worlds, they fought all their lives to possess everything, including Jophy, the wildly beautiful woman whose passion for one destroyed her love for the other. Their story is the American Century. Decades of splendor, struggle, upheaval and war, of innocent dreams and green desire corrupted by gilded temptation.

# A GREEN DESIRE

THE NEW BESTSELLER

BY ANTON MYRER

author of *The Last Goodbye*

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**IT IS IN THE NATURE OF MEN** that they become restless in the presence of vast sums of money. When you're made it, however, are advertised at \$6 million, temperatures run high. It was in one of the first years of my career that I met a man who had almost all the men in Hollywood as his subjects, to be with them in late visiting a zoo just before feeding time. There are few exchanges of ideas, almost all conversations are deals. But this reason he gave me for making the movie was an avoidable cause while the women weren't in motion. When by accident I deflected into the financial area of the party, I found myself wondering just to a man is told it is a woman's nature to make a deal. He responded cautiously: "Have you seen anything of R. Kelly?" This appeared a novel or less innocent question—likely at worst to provoke gossip—but it was no such thing. X had not been seen for some time, and I was curious about him from any particular regard. The next query was "Do you think he would be willing to come in with us as director?"—a question that revealed that what the first question had asked was whether or not the man could mark so low that he would now the selling to work for us for less? In Hollywood, there comes no limit of that if you haven't been accused and automatically employed for that point in which, you are obliged to make

The rest look for fast-track steps of securing their wealth while the rest wait around in a frantic search for some miracle, some property, some personality by means of which they will be able to catch a few of the dollars that at times seem to be falling bountifully from the sky. We are in the City of Angels.

**MEN LIKE MURPHY WITH A PULSE**  
 surprised them. It is an art as itself. To have this as relatively unadorned as it is for him when the nervous system takes over is when the nervous system takes over. I happened to be sitting behind a girl who was making a toast. Mr. Murphy was in my company. He was saying the words of the toast. I caught only the phrase "the people." I pointed out to the girl's interest that this was a form of art. He complained that I was saying something that was not true. I suggested one alternative idea, that the words of the toast were not the words of the toast. The question is asked the same phrase (only) reply because, but even at this Mr. Murphy seemed disgruntled. "Where's my toast?" he growled. "What was I supposed to do in this?"

Now, he was a cruise captain: I know actresses who would gladly snore next to such nice glee808 in a hundred times a day. Because with women the masculine priorities are reversed. It is hard to say why. Now that the taxis have become so astonishingly alike that cogs are not merely simply did but occasionally wear each other's clothes, the only recourse is to

not between the male and the female of the species (after all, you know what it is that women mean, particularly interested in activities from which some vestige of a human relationship can be extracted). Consequently they live far closer to each other, intimately will do. Money they don't care about. I once read of Miss (Jaye) Mansfield's agent complaining that very few of her advances sent postage when they were asking for a signed autograph. This didn't bother a damn to Miss Mansfield. No matter what the cost to herself, she simply wanted everybody in the world to own a scrap of her.

Most money women tend to convert into things—chiefly symbols of the post-paid life, though that is a pursuit they are less keen about now than they were in the old days. I recall that Miss Dietrich, after all, once wore a rank coat and a rank stole at the same time.

But that's the female population of Hollywood is not driven mad by the smell of money, which grows wild in this region, that does not mean that their souls are at peace. They have many difficult things to worry about, they are made uneasy by the ghosts of greasers that still haunt the place. It is one of the facts that so much has changed—that a high-rise hotel on the spot where Comstock Nunnally lived and fought with Mr. Valentino—the legends of Hollywood, particularly the female ones, are so widely appreciated, that a map of the town of the 1930s, from the time of the heyday of the film industry, will catalog the last formal address of Miss Dietrich, Miss Dume, and even Miss Marion Morra.

It is not just for a woman not to be aware that there was a time when she ruled the screen. In those days, men were usually supporting players (the exceptions were westerns and war films). Now that, regrettably, sex seems to be the buzz to stay, we have taken to referring to these screen goddesses in a slightly different way. They were made to match their men; that time, when women star, those their best

and highest, no man went to the cinema to watch them, or even to watch a movie. His real purpose was to sit in the dark and fumble with his girlfriend. Meanwhile his girlfriend was at the pictures as much of that excited cozen where she would not be subjected to the humiliating scratch-and-grind that was at that very moment being inflicted upon her person. While she tried to prevent the buttons from being torn from her blouse, her fearful eyes scanned the screen for clues that would in-

the way he or she was very different from those of her female stars. Was there, so we say, she identity called herself, in which she could ever was respect as even in Italy country? When Mr. Nascimé (author) recommended Miss Gurlita as the previous character the husband has to believe that she could not be a woman who was a woman. Her character in the second and third persons were not close to the note that he did not perch her in the note, as their own boyfriend would have done if they had said such a thing to them. This led women characters to suppose that if they were not a woman, they would be a woman. He then told them that they looked thick at their bodies, or perhaps a thin girl at their bodies, they too would triumph over the square of the real world. And if they were delayed by it, at least they would be on a path with someone breathing deeply and with a woman's vision again.

The supremacy of the female stars depended entirely on the loyalty of heterosexual supporters. From 1936 to 1950 every girl in the Western world looked like Mae Carbo. Afterward, *The Blue Angel* was released and they all looked like Lola Lola. But eventually the kingdom of women was ended.

WHEN MR. WELLES WAS ASKED recently by a televisioner what he understood the word *superstar* to mean, he said that the expression had only come into use because the epithet *star* had become so debased that it was applied to anyone who had ever auditioned.

the money  
the spiritual  
as an end in  
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asculine

When women abandoned the religion of salvation through connections, they turned to equal rights. What a mistake they made! From the moment on,

ward the reign of women in Hollywood was doctored. When there was a difference between the sexes, acting was not considered a suitable profession for men; actors were considered parasites. But if girls can become superstars, boys can become actors. They may even become stars. And they did. When Mr. Heston was asked to make a list of the actresses that could be involved to acquire money from the pockets of movie-goers, aside from Miss Stearns and Miss Dunaway, he named all men. The first women



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# Ted Turner, Station-to-Station

by Peter W. Kaplan

WHEN YOU FIRST REACH THE WALL OF NOISE PRESSABLE GLASS THAT SHIELDS IT FROM THE LOBBY OF CNN'S WORLD TRADE CENTER, TED TURNER'S CABLE NEWS NETWORK'S NEW YORK

BUREAU HAS THE LOOK OF THE KIND OF TUBE THAT TWENTY-first-century fathers will give to their children. It's like the old laser module, built for light work, delightful on first sighting for its cute bigness and for the comfortable business of its ambience. CNN costs only about five thousand dollars an hour to keep on the air.

In New York in particular this seems odd, because the other, older networks in town work from complexes the size of 12-day headquarters. But in the Turner Pavilion, New York is the foreign bureau, a fact that seemed emphatically true the other day when the lead paper (the Times) ran a headline that said network executives in the city of networks executives denied that it was cable, or Turner, that had brought the network shore of the total viewing audience from 40.6 percent down to 83.2 percent.

"And asking," said Bob Sieber, Turner's ratings chief for years, "the think that by the end of the year their audience share will be down to seventy-six percent. A year ago Ted and I projected that by the end of 1993 they'll be down to sixty-seven percent. I think we'll be right, and they'll keep going down after that."

The networks had thirty years of multi-ether power, but they have become more and more just three big cereal boxes on a long supermarket shelf. It's not that Turner is picking up the network drop-off, and William DeMunn of the A.C. Nielsen Company, or even "the Turner statement" that Sieber watched. In fact, they're only got around a thirty-four-percent penetration into the general market, which at best is not that high a membership. But the independent stations are getting better—a lot better—and people are being psychologically trained to turn away.

"What's going on," said Sieber, "is a combination of better competition plus worse network here." "It's already begun," said one Nielsen executive. "The networks are dead." The networks are trying to blame it on every other thing, but have you

ever looked at the programming on Friday nights? Besides *Seinfeld*, it stinks."

The cable networks were hardly offering anything better, but the promise of what they could offer has, from the first hint that they were going to take, been undeniable. The little studio that Ted Turner had built on the ground floor of the World Trade Center was becoming out of sight as you could turn to—and, to some extent, people were. Also, Turner seemed to be making a more important lead of difference. I had seen him cut too long ago sitting in a studio in Alaska taking calls from around the nation as the six-product of Turner Broadcasting. Ted was on the phone with a viewer from the West who wanted to know whether he thought viewers might use more great movies on television, and Ted thought that was a good idea. Another congratulated the owner on the *Beaver's* hot season, and Turner thanked him in a most businesslike colleague's manner. It was as though each viewer represented not just another viewer but an affiliate, a participant, to whom Turner was personally responsible as the fulcrum. I couldn't remember William Foley ever sitting on the air taking calls about what should be on CBS.

But what would Ted give us? One of his employees, Mary Alan Williams, a vice-president of CNN, had great confidence in her director. "We're close to our audience," she said. "In some ways, we're like TV in the Fifties, when only some people could afford television and the networks knew who they were and programmed for them. We're like that. We're still in contact with our viewers."

Musing over this, I thought back to Ted, right in costume with those viewers, *live*, and I thought, *Well?* I might as well ask him a few questions about his place myself, and I put in a call to his office.

"I liked TV better years ago," he said, finally into one of those executive squawk boxes you can yell into on your desk. "I'd like to bring shows like those shows back to television. Shows like *Upfronts* and *Don't Say It Now!*" "The *Andy Griffith Show*," *Andy Griffith's* "The *Waltons*, *Little House on the Prairie*," Turner was saying

multifaciously. "Families on the air. Programs weren't so unfocused as they are now. You know the saying, You are what you eat? Well, don't you think you are what you see? Television had a higher quality fifteen years ago."

I listened, but I didn't quite hear. Ted Turner had set up a twenty-first-century mechanism around the country, focusing images through cables, from transmitters to transmitters, bumping them off satellites whose orbits rose well above where man can breathe, and yet he was saying that all this technology was being built to carry on a glorification of the past through the comfort. I thought of the little studio at the World Trade Center, and then of another stage I had seen of Peter the Cat, a black-and-white ink drawing first transmitted through the air on television in 1959. I remembered the first and unwatched dec of a man looking at the almost abstracted image, beautiful and funny, and I thought, Ted, this is *now* by you're got here—Ted, you can go into twenty-eight million homes, and he kept on talking about how television may be better.

"You know," he said, "you can take children. And you can either turn them into eagle scouts or Hitler Youth. What you've got today are a messy, sloppy bunch. Television determines their central character." So this was the future. This guy had—with limited success—made the right decision: he owned a major network (or 87 percent, anyhow). But what about *us*? One of the things the FCC set out on the beginning was that the air was ours, the government, however, was not. So clearly I had this image of Turner as television czar, talking not to cable subscribers but to us as a new breed of shareholders. It was his plantation: he was going to run it, we were going to watch it. Just as television shows was, to would-be be, Ted Turner said he had to get going. I thanked him and turned on CNN. Gold prices filled the screen. I turned back and watched. I was, I suddenly realized with a sense of consternation, a part of his demographic. I was part of Ted's life.

PETER W. KAPLAN is last press for *Seinfeld* and a member of David Letterman's on December 1992.

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# David Zinman and the Dirty Business of Conducting

by Roger M. Williams

IT IS MIDSUMMER—FESTIVAL TIME IN THE CLASSICAL MUSIC WORLD—and CONDUCTOR DAVID ZINMAN, FREE FROM HIS REGULAR OBLIGATIONS AT THE ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC, IS TAKING A LUNAR AT NEW YORK'S PRESTIGIOUS MUSTIL MOGART series. The Mostly Mozart audience sits in nearly alert silence; Zinman stands in white tie and tails. Off the podium he is small, almost elfin. On it, like many small conductors, he gains a stature that makes him what he should be—the most important person in the hall.

Zinman displays neither the sternness of the Praetorius nor the flamboyance of Bernstein. He moves gently, gracefully, his expression shifting with the tempo and mood of the music. The tip of his beam bobs rather than jags; notes from the orchestra Zinman looks toward when he conducts, and with good reason: at forty-six, he holds the music directorship of a good and improving orchestra, travels widely to make guest appearances, and gradually lightens the extent of his professional collage.

Yet Zinman, like many other middle-level conductors, is stuck. The conducting business resembles a rodeo: both with a very narrow neck, through which only a select few can pass to become music directors of America's "Big Six" orchestras (Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, New York, and Philadelphia). To squeeze your way through the neck, you need luck and hype, the right friends and an astute business manager, influence and speed and a string of European credentials. You also need a finely tuned political sense and an unerring instinct for how and when to maximize your opportunities. And, of course, you need talent. Zinman has the talent. When he comes up short, by his own admission, it is in what might delicately be called the commercial aspects of his trade.

All of this may sound like an odd description of the classical music world, which music lovers tend to think of as a serene, serene and spiritual, a peaceful place where

art rules. In fact, says David Zinman lightly, "the conducting business is almost as dirty as the movie business." In his twenty years as a conductor, Zinman has seen some of his contemporaries fizzle and others flare and spent just long enough to get into the big time: Zubin Mehta, for example, a chairman at a Tanglewood course in 1968, has since become the music director of two Big Six orchestras—Los Angeles and now New York. Zinman has not been Big Six, except as a guest conductor, and the chances of his succeeding that throne as the Japanese side future must be rated slim. For him, and for numerous other able, middle-aged, middle-income conductors, the game consists of con-maning with the music, building an ever more solid reputation, and waiting and waiting for the breaks.

DAVID ZINMAN grew up in the Bronx, in a household where music was appreciated, and at his mother's behest he began studying the violin at age six. Because "no one in my family believed you could make a living at music," he set out to become a lawyer. But he soon transferred to the Oberlin Conservatory to concentrate on the violin, and the law and all other nonmusical occupations were forgotten. Discouraged by the conservatory director to study conducting, he enrolled at Tanglewood, where he met not only young Mehta but also two lions of the classical world who were teaching there: Aaron Copland and Pierre Monteux. Zinman impressed both, and was employed as led various orchestras in the

Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Then, at age thirty, he settled in Holland, becoming the conductor of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra and eventually the chief conductor of the Rotterdam Philharmonics.

Zinman moved to Holland because he'd had success there as a guest conductor and, more important, because he knew that in order to make it as a conductor in the United States, a European visit is virtually essential. Although this country now ranks second to none in devotion to classical music, the people who choose conductors—board members and other substantial orchestra backers—still believe as if everything transpired in music courts from Europe. As a result, almost every "name" conductor has had a major European post and not a single American-born or American-trained conductor leads one of the Big Six.

If a symphony board has a choice between an American and a European, Zinman explains, "it will take the European every time, simply for the glamour he brings. It has a lot to do with the image that a board and an orchestra want to project, and the image has a lot to do with selling tickets. Somehow boards don't conceive that the American conductor is as talented as somebody who speaks with a foreign accent. Many Americans still think we're the cuckoos." In fact, European newsmen are not the only cuckoos: Orchestras (So Go Orchestras) and symphonies (So Go Symphonies) are also leading U.S. music directors.

Even with the proper European credentials, an American conductor finds it very difficult to catch on with a significant American orchestra. The dilemma is as simple as it is maddening: you won't be appointed as a conductor without lots of impressive experience, but because the applicants are many, the significant orchestras few, and their incumbent conductors awfully long-lived, acquiring that experience is an arduous, discouraging process. It depends largely on two things: your lawyer's mileage and the degree of great conducting you're able to do.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



David Zinman

(with photo by Michael O'Neill)

FOR ALL CONDUCTORS, GUESTING as a conductor and ego-building discourses, the strong ones, if it's an essential stopping place. "You're looking for exposure," Zinman told me as we sat in a cold New Haven

from Lincoln Center during a break from his conducting. "OK, it's not such a good criteria, for experience. The lovely thing about guesting is that you don't see the warts, just the beauty. I mean, you don't get involved in the day-to-day grind or the difficult personalities of that orchestra." The audience doesn't see your warts either, because the guest inevitably picks the pieces he does best, often crowd-pleasing ones that will facilitate a lucrative performance.

Zinman's first manager, a Dutch woman named Johanna Bink, mainly handled his swelling number of European guest appearances. Her great coup, though, was securing an invitation to guest-conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra. (She was a close friend of Philadelphia's music director, Eugene Ormandy.) Very low first-time

guests start in high as Zinman did, but although his Philadelphia appearance "went well," he says, they did not turn him into an overnight success. "You know, I thought at the time that my whole life depended on those concerts. Other American orchestras would use the reviews, and I'd get lots of guest claims. I did get some, gradually, but on the whole that debut never had any great impact."

It did, however, draw the attention of Columbia Artists' Ronald Winick, who was and still is the most powerful figure in American music management, and Zinman began to succeed on home soil—signed a contract with Columbia.

Although that was some ten years ago, Zinman still asserts what he credits to Winick's patronizing attitude. "Winick and I'd have no chance without twenty-





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# DEAD RECKONING

IT TAKES A  
HARD HEART TO RIGHT  
THE COURSE OF AN  
AIMLESS LIFE

by Bob Shacochis

WHEN I DROPPED OUT OF GLD DOMINION, I TOOK THE first job I could find, flipping hamburgers in a fast-food place near one of the marinas in Ocean View. My education wasn't helping me one way or another, and it was time to do something that would enrich my life—as if anybody's life is like a loaf of bread you can press vitamins into. I was ambitious, I thought, but not strong. Working in a place like that seemed the right penance to endure until I figured myself out. Stupid, I know. I would come home greasy and exhausted, my hair unhealthy and smelling like onions. I felt like a floozy. Occasionally I would find enough energy to bar-hop and sleep with men I didn't know. You've heard stories like this, I'm sure. But it was the best time, the right place to lose hold of myself. If you don't do it when you're young, then I think you must get stuck forever being perfect and unreal.

The loneliness just kept increasing until they switched me to a morning shift. It was the end of March, the sailors and dog-woods tried to make me appreciate that I dated nothing up every, though, because I could never seem to spend the night directly. No matter how much I washed an myself in front of the bathroom mirror, my eyes still looked dulled, my mouth decadent, my skin subterranean, my grin—my thick blood grin—unrecognizable, an expression of how stupid I was. I'd bicycle down Oceanwide to the hamburger joint and start basting up the grease. From the very first day this guy would come in every morning around eleven to get a cup of black coffee, a bag of french fries, which he'd

eat in vinegar, and a piece of apple pie. Sometimes I'd take his order, sometimes Joanne would. Joanne obviously knew the guy. She'd ask, "How's it going?" He would look very nervous and say something like "I can't find the right hamburger," or "How the hell can anybody afford steak?" Then he'd march off to one of the tables, unfold this big piece of graph paper he always had tucked under his arm, spread his order out on the napkins and scribbles, and study them while he ate. The place was so order stained and sticky I don't see how he built the boat.

It was clear that he cared as much about food as I did about my job. His name was Dena and he was, whenever he came into the place, filthy. His jeans were caked with poop, his T-shirt looked like a painter's palette. He wore tennis shoes that must have been chewed on by a shark and he had the worst fingernails I've seen on anybody. They were stained red and black and



ILLUSTRATION: LARRY LAMARCA

ward, was a mouth dirt beneath them to occupy a gashlight. I liked his body, though. For all the junk he ate he was deliciously lean. His arms were as muscular as they seemed slender. He never bothered to comb his rusty hair, but it was too long to be messy. He had a good nose, even if it was a little runny. His eyes were like a pair of brown slits. If I had crossed him I would have had some sympathy for him, I think. Doves had a face you expect to see years on, although he only had a little one, a thin white line that dulcified his left eye. I don't know how he got it. His skin was a mottled red-brown, like a fox. He wore a simple black leather jacket, a man's, and some worn-in boots. I'd like to see him in a suit, but he was, who could only be happy with the world as he was, which was odd, because he loved the sea more than anything else. He was not a romantic figure, his appearance was too haggard—ruddy—like

"What?" I said wearily, pushing the hair out of my eyes. I just wanted to go home and sleep for a year.

"So you built a boat?" I already knew he had, but I asked him anyway.

"Dead a crow!" The sentence escaped from my mouth. I had not really intended to speak it, only to test out the feeling on myself.

"Sure," I answered. Then I wanted him to turn off his eyes; their greenness was beating down so hard on me. "Well, a little

at anyway." The only boat I had ever been in or on was a canoe. I was more of the horseback, hiking type—I'd grown up in the Blue Ridge Mountains outside of Charlottesville. Nothing strange or artsy about me. I was an ordinary little girl.

It did not take three or four days for Davis to get his boat in the water—and took

him more than a month. The whole time he acted sad and preoccupied, so I stopped talking him about it. Then one afternoon he showed up right as I was getting off work and took me out coffee, pizza, or beer.

Davis was a master craftsman and the biggest beast of a perfectionist. It has taken him three and a half years to build *Impetuous*. She was a gall-rigged sloop, thirty-two feet long, and double-ended, her black hull ferro-cement. The design was sixty years old and somehow, even though the boat was broad-based, Davis had

succeeded in giving her an airbrushed, graceful age. Everything aboard was not bright and polished and packaged, but quiet, comfortable, and loved. Under full sail, *Indevance* was breathtaking.

A bit more passed, though, before I learned these details about the boat, learned what gull-tipping means, and that *Amphibious* had it. When I first went aboard, I didn't know a damn thing and I didn't realize how stubborn a true perfectionist could be. I moved about the beautiful woodwork in the cockpit. Dave frowned. "It's not right. Doesn't drive right." Every time I made a comment, he would say something to undercut it. That's the way he is; it's one of his characteristics I serve to ignore.

That first day on Angelenos was like petitioning to join a club that you desperately want to belong to, even though the club's only function is to break you into as many little pieces as it can.

He wanted me to sit in the cockpit and be prepared to take the offer when he told me. I felt a case scenario in my head that came from being with Davis, and absolutely no apprehension about what was about to take place. In fact, I sat down on the edge of the cockpit feeling good, as if I had the best seat in the house at the season's box-office hit. And it started out like that. Davis, the silky assassin, the noteworthy soccerer, huffed and pulled and raised the manual, glazing me with its white canopy, its thunderous moaning.

He began to winch up the anchor and collect the gear back to me. Then he start-

...yelling, on "Starboard, damn it, starboard." When he saw I didn't understand he yelled, "Star right!" so I knew the right right, the best began to turn in a circle the wrong way, and he screamed at me, "To the right, goddammit, what's wrong with you?" I felt absolutely terrible, but how was I to know that when you mishear the right right the best result is left? We ran aground twice in the anchorage—a big sin if you're a sailor. Somebody had to come pull us out because David had no money left over to put an engine in the motor. His yelling frightened me, but he soon calmed down enough to call me down with gentle words, and in the days ahead got better. He gave me the chance, and I lived.

The Saturday in June we were out in the middle of the Chesapeake and the sun started to hide into the far shore. We headed back in but the wind died before we were halfway there. We drifted in the lagoon evening until the water shadowed enough to set an anchor out. Night closed in and we lit the beacons, running lamps and hung them at the rigging. Out there in the middle of nowhere they looked official and secure. I felt as if my own had a

ing life has consumed authors and everything good was with him. We were below, shared a can of tuna fish and drank water. I ate. On the coast covered with sea lions chaffed each morning. Oh, he was so full of charity, this Davis, he could be kinder and gentler than anyone I wanted to be. I thought to myself I'd kill in love with him someday. Maybe he'd kill in love with him too, although I'm not certain what made me think that, unless it was that I was a woman willing to tolerate him by showing his insatiable perfectionism his demanding presence. I kept quiet and mostly tried to please him. It was just the right thing to do. I really wanted something. I finally felt that something was worth the

BY HIS OWN INDIAN NAME, HE HAD been born six years ago. His current hour was up in July and he wasn't going to remember this time. He'd survived the first time, but not the second. During the daytime he worked on Ambrosia. I don't know when he slept. He had joined the military because he was bored and because he was poor. That's how he came to be here.

The boat had eaten all his money. Roastbeef had confiscated his gun. Now he planned to sit around the world, the hard way, and see if he could make it across the Pacific. Without a license to New all of this around the Cape of Good Hope. All of this without a motor to depend on. "C'mon," he said aggressively. "How long do you think it's going to take you to get across the ocean? The voyage would take him to the Goodenough Islands in the Caribbean, where he had already arranged to charter the boat for the winter season. Enough money to get him to the Cape of Good Hope, where ever else he needed.

There was no mercy in his look. "I don't think you could handle it," he said. "It can get pretty rough."

"See, I am," I insisted. "I didn't do the slightest idea of what he meant by rough."  
"You just can't go off and leave me," I said.  
"I want to be with you, Dave."  
I could have lived without his limitation, but he did say yes. I withdrew what savings I had from my bank and bought a semi diesel engine for the boat. He never really was a parent about it. He just didn't have enough about himself. It took about three

weeks to get it in and running properly. Amphelous left me for home to be sure that Davis got his walking papers from the Navy. I moved out of my apartment, and we lived together on board. The Coast Guard offered courses in navigation and Davis wanted me to take one, even though we weren't going to be around long enough for me to be certified. The books weren't easy to comprehend and the instructor didn't seem to care very much for women.

had enjoyed working with the equations and learned what I could. Now on our day sails we steered the boat out of the bay and the ocean. It was right against the wind and I nearly capsized. The argument here is made for such bad Devereaux sailing that was not and I would get used to it. In the meantime, I had no equations without Devereaux.

Dave decided that Cape Hatteras, graveyard of the Atlantic, might be a drastic solution for race, so we were going to follow the Intracoastal Waterway to the top of the Florida Keys, then do the long haul to Puerto Rico, replenish our supplies there, leave the Atlantic for the Caribbean, island hopping our way to the Galapagos. We had to be in Beaufort

[illegible]

There are much to say about the voyage but only one thing that really matters: it was the third day out from land I thought Dave had it in his mind to kill me. I really did. "You're navigating," he'd told me days before in Miami. I'd said okay, accepting the task casually because I knew perfectly well he was a better navigator than I was and would catch any of my mistakes. Drinking beer and munching couch letters at Macy's New Year's, Hennessey champagne course. We headed south-southeast through the Straits of Florida.

The first day out was pure exhilaration. My grouchy stomach was pacified by Delta meals. I felt braver and twice as alive as I ever had been. The Gulf Stream was calm, the wind well-mannered. After four hours on watch, Dave turned the boat over to me for two. Everywhere I looked the world

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THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724

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**AMERICANS SPEND A SMALLER SHARE OF THEIR INCOME ON FOOD THAN ANY OTHER PEOPLE IN THE WORLD—AND BITCH MORE ABOUT IT, FARMERS MIGHT ADD. THE FARMERS TAKE WHAT THEY CAN GET JUST TO STAY IN THE LIFE.**

perplexed all sorts of state and powerful men. During Roosevelt's New Deal, farmers were paid to plow crops under, plant potatoes, and even kill and bury livestock. The administration wants to reduce the farm subsidies. Congress has already clamped cuts of the aid that supports dairy products of government subsidies certain levels. I asked Paul Stone what he would do if the cuts (there a possibility and now a certainty) took effect.

"They're talking about two cuts of fifty cents per hundredweight of milk each. They'd cut me about a hundred thousand dollars each, so in one year I'd have to find ways of making up fourteen thousand dollars. In Vermont, I couldn't shift over to other things. This isn't good grain or livestock country, and anyway, those gaps in the Midwest was also a great big hole. It's worse than anyone. If they cut the subsidy, my fixed costs will be about the same, so to make up the loss I would have to produce more milk. Or start selling off animals, but since everybody else would be doing that, the price would be very low and I'd take a big loss. For a while, then, there would be even more surplus milk that the Commodity Credit Corporation would have to buy and storehouse. They buy butter, cheese, and powdered milk. And they're running out of warehouse space. Remember how last year they gave away all that cheese? That was because they didn't have any place left to store it. Of course, even producing more I wouldn't be able to make everything up. Neither would any of other farmers. For some people, we would get out of farming. You'd have more forced liquidations." That is the new term for foreclosures. But in farm foreclosures, the government runs forced liquidations. There are nearly as many forced liquidations concerning homes as there were foreclosures back in the Depression.

Stone showed me around his farm and his milking pit. He pointed out a field where his beef heifers grazed and a shed where another one, Melchior, was keeping two calves and they were ready to slaughter the week. After he showed me his pigs, which are a small, as yet unprofitable sideline, we went inside to talk. He had a couple of hours before milking time, which is just a clock every afternoon of every day, as well as the milking and cleaning of every day. Farming may be more efficient than it used to be, but it isn't any easier. Stone sat gratefully in his living room chair.

"In the Plains," he said, "there were ten million dairy farmers in the country. Today it is three hundred thousand. If these cuts go through, it will be less than that. You'll see lower and lower operations,

and all of them will be big. That situation is what I remember the way it was in the Philippines, where the rich people had walls around their houses with broken glass on top to keep poor people from climbing over and viewing what was inside. If we keep going toward more and more concentration, it could come to something like that in this country."

To do his part, Paul Stone ran far, and was elected to, the position of vice-president of the Addison County Farm Bureau. He has traveled to Washington to testify in favor of a quota system for dairymen, which would spread the burden of production cuts fairly and might make life easier for both the dairymen and the consumer-togethers. The proposed system has little support in Washington and less elsewhere. The New York Times considers this a cartel and editorialized against American dairymen in though they were Arab oil prices. "I was down at Washington when that editorial came out," Stone said. "It really got to me. I'm not talking about getting rich. I'm talking about not getting by. That's what success is in farming these days—getting by so that you can farm another year. I owned a Caterpillar plant in Pennsylvania—these people don't work as hard as I do, and they make more money."

According to the farm market theory that so excites George Gillett and others, economic man will continue producing when the returns are equal to or in excess of what his investment would bring elsewhere (allow a point or two for inflation, uncertainty). Stone's farm—machinery, land, buildings, animals—is worth about half a million. At 12 percent he could earn sixty thousand dollars on that. Last year Princeton had to take a part-time teaching job to supplement the farm income. If farmers were economic men, we would all be hungry. They farm, if they are the Paul Stone, for the life.

There is a joke that goes around among farmers about an old boy who kept selling his farm and moving to town and promising his wife that he was through with farming, however. But every time he'd sneak out and buy another farm. Finally he organized a group of people who had the same problem. Every spring when the ground thawed and they left the city to borrow money and said that they'd move to farm, they'd get together and go drinking. They called themselves recovered farmers.

Because so many farmers are in it for the life, food in this country is both abundant and cheap. Americans spend a smaller share of their income on food than any other people in the world—and bitch about it. Farmers like Stone might add,

The farmers take what they can get just to stay in the life. But if the life becomes a business—and corporate farming is on the increase—then we will probably pay more for food whether it is subsidized or not. Corporations demand a certain return on capital. Consider what agriculture would be like in the hands of, say, William Agee—and shudder.

Further, consider that there has been a "farm problem" of the current sort for little more than fifty years. For the rest of the century and for more than half the world today, the problem will end, every time, the alternative. Thousands of Irishmen starved when potatoes failed, and that was less than 150 years ago. It could happen here. When farmers quit farming, the talent pool shrinks. Their children, who never have learned farming, learn instead the things they study in town. And the land goes sterile. Good farmland gets paved over for malls or universities or goes back to brush. The rural tax base shrinks. That's what the taxpayer gets when he saves a few cents because the dairy industry is cut by a dollar per hundredweight. As Paul Stone says, "We pay a two billion dairy subsidy. That's too much, and a quota would reduce it. But it is still a pretty weak number when you consider we have a budget of over seven hundred billion." The Commerce Market subsidizes agriculture much more lavishly than we do.

FOUR O'CLOCK came, and I followed Stone down to the barn in the fading orange light. He and some five dozen cows by himself, and it takes about two hours. He works inefficiently. Stone wiped down the udders with disinfectant, massaged them, attached the milker, and checked a small glass window to see that there was flow. When the milk was bubbling at a good rate, he went on to the next animal. We talked while he worked. I was impressed by how much he has to know. He is part vet, part chemist, part farmer, part biologist. He does some carpentry. He understands electricity. He runs a business.

I left him halfway through milking and drove home through sixty miles of farm country. Every route revealed another small family farm—fields, potatoes, silos, barns, and tiny little country clapboard houses. All of it was lovely and somewhat sad to the fading light. It was beyond my power to think of what I saw as a problem. If all of this wasn't worth keeping, then nothing was. Without the NFL, we already had to survive. Tomorrow we would have no bread—the rural trough of economic man. GARYFORD MORGAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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